THE ELDER BROTHER: A COMEDIE.

Acted at the private house in *Blacke Fryers*, with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants.

Printed according to the true Copie.

Written by { *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*, AND *JOHN FLETCHER.* } Gent.

The second Edition, Corrected and Amended.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Paules Church yard*.
MDCL.

The Speakers of the Play.

LEVVIS, *a Lord.*
MIRAMONT, *a Gentleman.*
BRISAC, *a Justice, brother to* Miramont.
CHARLES, *a Scholar.* } *Sonner to* Brisac.
EUSTACE, *a Courtier.* }
EGREMONT, } *two Courtiers,* } *Friends to* [illegible]
COVVSY, }
ANDREVV, *Servant to* Charles.
COOKE, } *Servants to* Brisac.
BUTTLER, }
PRIEST.
NOTARY.
SERVANTS.
OFFICERS.

ANGELLINA, *Daughter to* Lewis.
SYLVIA, *her Woman.*
LILLY, *Wife to* Andrew.
LADIES.

Lectori.

Would'st thou all wit, all Comicke art survay?
Reade here and wonder; FLETCHER *writ the Play.*

Prologue.

But what it would take from our modeſtie,
To preiſe the Writer, or the Comedie,
Till your faire ſuffrage crown it: I ſhould ſay,
Y'are all moſt welcome to no vulgar Play;
And ſo farre we are confident; And if he
That made it, ſtill live, in your memory;
You will expect what we preſent to night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your eares and ſight.
You ſhall heare Fletcher *in it; his true ſtraine,*
And neate expreſsions; living he did gaine
Your good opinions; but now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of noble friends:
And may it raiſe in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth.
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And ſhall to after times preſerve his name.

The Elder Brother.

A COMEDIE.

Actus I. *Scœna* I.

LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, SYLLVIA.

NAy, I muſt walke you farther. *Ang.* I am tyr'd Sir,
And nere ſhal foot it home. *Lew.* 'Tis for your health;
The want of exerciſe takes from your beauties.
And ſloth dries up your ſweetneſſe: That you are
My onely Daughter and my heire, is granted;
And you in thankfulneſſe muſt needs acknowledge,
You ever finde me an indulgent Father,
And open handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deſerve
Theſe favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,
I love and cheriſh thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee, ſhall confirme;
All that I aime at, is to winne thee from
The practiſe of an idle fooliſh ſtate
Us'd by great Women, who thinke any labour,
(Though in the ſervice of themſelves) a blemiſh

To their faire fortunes. *Aug.* Make me understand Sir,
What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the customs how
Virgins of wealthy families, wast their youth;
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep againe,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others hands,
Y' are led to dinner, and that ended, either
To Cards, or to your Coach (as if you were
Born without motion) After this to Supper,
And then to bed: And so your life runs round
Without variety or action Daughter.
Syl. Here's a learned Lecture! *Lew.* From this idlenesse
Diseases both of body and of minde
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature
With wholsome exercise guards both from danger:
I'de have thee rise with the Sunne, walke, daunce, or hunt,
Visit the groves and springs, and learne the vertues
Of Plants and Simples: Doe this moderately,
And thou shalt not with eating chalke, or coales,
Leather and oatmeale, and such other trash,
Fall into the Green sicknesse. *Syl.* With your pardon
(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my Ladies health,
And her delight too, farre transcending those
Your Lordship but now mention'd. *Lew.* What is it *Sylvia*?
Syl. What i'st? A noble Husband; In that word, a
Noble Husband, all content of Woman
Is wholly comprehended; He will rowse her,
As you say, with the Sunne, and so pipe to her,
As she will daunce, ne're doubt it, and hunt with her,
Upon occasion, untill both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
As I take it, were superfluous; A loving,
And but adde to it a gamesome Bedfellow,
Being the sure Physician. *Lew.* Well said Wench.
Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver
Your verdict Minion? *Syl.* I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, deare Madam; I but speake
Her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voyce to: Shew no mercy

To a Maidenhead of fourteene, but off with 't:
Let her looſe no time Sir, fathers that deny
Their Daughters lawfull pleaſure, when ripe for them,
In ſome kindes edge their appetites to taſte of
The fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* 'Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it; no more bluſhing Girle,
Thy woman hath ſpoke truth, and ſo prevented
What I meant to move to thee: There dwels neare us
A Gentleman of Blood, Monſieur *Briſac*,
Of a faire ſtate, ſix thouſand Crowns *per annum*,
The happy Father of two hopefull Sonnes,
Of different breeding; Th' Elder, a mere Scholar,
The younger, a queint Courtier. *Ang.* Sir, I know them
By the publique fame, though yet I never ſaw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy between
Their various diſpoſitions, renders them
The generall diſcourſe and argument;
One part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,
The other ſide preferring *Euſtace*, as
A man compleate in Courtſhip. *Lew.* And which way
(If of theſe two you were to chuſe a husband)
Doth your affection ſway you? *Ang.* To be plaine, Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldneſſe) as they are
Simply themſelves to neither; Let a Courtier
Be never ſo exact, let him be bleſt with
All parts that yeeld him to a Virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and ſtand not
On his own bottomes, though he have meanes
To bring his Miſtreſſe to a Maſque, or by
Conveyance from ſome great ones lips, to taſte
Such favour from the kings; or grant he purchaſe,
Precedency in the Country, to be ſworne
A ſervant Extraordinary to the Queen:
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reverſion: If
He want a preſent fortune, at the beſt
Thoſe are but glorious dreames, and onely yeeld him
A happineſſe in *poſſe*, not in *eſſe*;
Nor can they fetch him ſilks from th' Mercer; nor
Diſcharge a Taylors bill; nor in full plenty

Which

(Which ſtill preſerves a quiet bed at home)
Maintaine a family. *Lew.* Aptly conſider'd,
And to my wiſh, but what's thy cenſure of
The Scholar? *Ang.* Troth (if he be nothing elſe)
As of the Courtier: all his Songs and Sonnets,
His Anagrams, Acroſticks, Epigrammes,
His deep and Philoſophicall diſcourſe
Of natures hidden ſecrets, makes not up
A perfect husband; He can hardly borrow
The Starres of the Celeſtiall Crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor *Charles* Waine for a Coach,
Nor *Ganimede* for a Page, nor a rich gowne
From *Iuno's* Wardrobe, nor would I lye in
(For I deſpaire not once to be a Mother)
Under heavens ſpangled Canopy, or banquet
My gueſts and goſſips with imagin'd Nectar,
Pure *Orleans* would doe better; no, no, father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband
A Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant,
Theſe are but gawdy nothings, if there be not
Something to make up a ſubſtance. *Lew.* And what's that?
Ang. A full eſtate, and that ſaid, I've ſaid all,
And get me ſuch a one with theſe additions,
Farewell Virginity, and welcome wedlock.
Lew. But where is ſuch one to be met with Daughter?
A black Swan is more common, you may weare
Grey treſſes ere we finde him. *Ang.* I am not
So punctuall in all ceremonies, I will bate
Two or three of theſe good parts, before I'le dwell
Too long upon the choice. *Syl.* Onely, my Lord, remember
That he be rich and active, for without theſe,
The others yeeld no reliſh, but theſe perfect:
You muſt beare with ſmall faults, Madam. *Lew.* Merry Wench,
And it becomes you well, Ile to *Briſac*,
And try what may be done: Ith' meane time, home,
And feaſt thy thoughts with th' pleaſure of a Bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food Sir, let her taſte them.

Actus I. *Scœna* II.

ANDREVV, COOKE, BUTTLER:

Unload part of the Library, and make room For

For th' other dozen of Carts, Ile ſtraight be with you.
Co. Why hath he more books? *And.* More than ten Marts ſend over
But. And can he tell their names? *And.* Their names? he has 'em
As perfect as his *Pater noſter*, but that's nothing,
'Has read them over leafe by leafe three thouſand times;
But here's the wonder, though their weight would ſinke
A Spaniſh Carracke, without other ballaſt,
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walkes upright. *But.* Surely he has a ſtrong braine.
And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with bookes
Made of the barks of trees, or myſteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellam, he would ſip thy Celler
Dry, and ſtill be thirſty, Then for's Diet,
He eats and digeſts more Volumes at a meale,
Than there would be Larkes (though the sky ſhould fall)
Devowr'd in a moneth in *Paris*, yet feare not
Sonnes oth' buttery, and kitchin, though his learn'd ſtomack
Cannot b' appeas'd; Hee'll ſeldome trouble you,
His knowing ſtomack contemns your black Jackes, *Butler*,
And your Flagons, and *Cooke*, thy boyl'd, thy roaſt, thy bak'd.
Co. How liveth he? *And.* Not as other men doe,
Few Princes fare like him; He breaks his faſt
With *Ariſtotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes
His watering with the Muſes, ſuppes with *Livie*,
Then walkes a turne or two in *via lactea*,
And (after ſix houres conference with the ſtars)
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*. *But.* This is admirable.
And. I'le tell you more hereafter, here's my old Maſter
And another old ignorant Elder, Ile upon 'em.

Enter BRISAC, LEVVIS.

What *Andrew*? welcome, where's my *Charles*? ſpeak *Andrew*,
Where didſt thou leave thy Maſter? *And.* Contemplating
The number of the ſands in the highway,
And from that, purpoſes to make a judgement
Of the remainder in the Sea; He is Sir,
In ſerious ſtudy, and will loſe no minute,
Nor out of's pace to knowledge. *Lew.* This is ſtrange.
And. Yet he hath ſent his duty Sir before him
In this faire Manuſcript. *Bri.* What have we here?
Pothookes and Andirons! *And.* I much pitty you,

It is the Syrian Character, or the Arabick,
Would 'ee have it ſaid, ſo great and deep a Scholar
As my Maſter *Charles* is, ſhould ask Bleſſing
In any Chriſtian Language? were it Greek,
I could interpret for you, but indeed
I'm gone no farther. *Bri.* And in Greek you can
Lie with your ſmug wife *Lilly*. *And.* If I keep her
From your French dialect, as I hope I ſhall Sir,
Howere ſhe is your Laundreſſe, ſhe ſhall put you
To th' charge of no more ſoape than uſuall
For th' waſhing of your ſheets. *Bri.* Take in the knave,
And let him eat. *And.* And drink too, Sir. *Bri.* And drink too, Sir,
And ſee your Maſters Chamber ready for him.
But. Come Doctor *Andrew*, without Diſputation
Thou ſhalt commence ith' Cellar. *And.* I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd meat. *Co.* Thou ſhalt ha't, Boy. *Exeunt.*
Bri. Good Monſieur *Lewis*, I eſteeme my ſelfe
Much honour'd in your cleare intent, to joyne
Our ancient families, and make them one,
And 'twill take from my age and cares to live
And ſee what you have purpos'd put in act,
Of which your viſite at this preſent is
A hopefull Omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrivall of my Sonnes; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for want of meanes and education,
To ſhape them to that courſe each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed diſcreetly,
Since what's concluded raſhly, ſeldome proſpers,
You firſt ſhall take a ſtrickt peruſall of them,
And then from your allowance, your faire daughter
May faſhion her affection. *Lew.* Monſieur *Briſac*,
You offer faire, and nobly, and Ile meet you
In the ſame line of honour, and I hope,
Being bleſt but with one daughter, I ſhall not
Appeare impertinently curious,
Though with my utmoſt vigilance and ſtudy,
I labour to beſtow her to her worth;
Let others ſpeake her forme, and future fortune
From me deſcending to her: I in that
Sit down with ſilence. *Bri.* You may my Lord ſecurely,

Since

Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to ſing her praiſes:
Should I ſay more, you well might cenſure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of horſes?

Enter BUTLER.

Sir, my young Maſters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir now obſerve their ſeverall diſpoſitions.

Enter CHARLES.

Bid my Subſiſer carry my Hackney to the Buttry,
And give him his bever: it is a civill,
And ſober beaſt, and will drinke moderately,
And that done, turne him into the quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his Univerſity tone.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

Hoe Lackey, take care our courſers be well rubb'd,
And cloath'd, they have out-ſtrip'd the winde in ſpeed.
Lew. I marry Sir, there's mettall in this young fellow!
What a ſheeps looke his elder brother has!
Char. Your bleſſing, Sir? *Bri.* Riſe *Charles*, thou haſt it.
Euſt. Sir, though it be unuſuall in the Court,
(Since 'tis the Courtiers garbe) I bende my knee,
And do expect what follows. *Bri.* Courtly begg'd.
My bleſſing take it. *Euſt.* Your Lordhips vow'd adorer: *to Lew.*
What a thing this brother is! yet Ile vouchſafe him
The new Italian ſhrug——How clownishly
The Book-worme does return it. *Cha.* I'me glad y' are well. *reads.*
Euſt. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of
This paire of accompliſh't Monſieurs.
They are Gallants that have ſeen both Tropicks.
Bri. I embrace their loves. *Egr.* Which we'll repay with ſervice.
Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.
Bri. I pray you make deſerving uſe on't firſt:
Euſtace give entertainment to your friends,
What's in my houſe is theirs. *Erſt.* Which we'll make uſe of;
Let's warme our brains with half a dozen healths,
And then hang cold diſcourſe, for we'l ſpeak fire-works. *Exeunt.*
Lew. What at his book already? *Bri.* Fye, fye, *Charles*,
No houre of interruption? *Cha.* *Plato* differs

From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come lay them by,
Let them agree at leisure. *Cha.* Mans life Sir, being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of our selves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious. *Bri.* In our care
To manage worldly businesse, you must part with
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Your selfe for action: to thrive in this age,
Is held the palme of learning: you must study
To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,
And what for pasture, how to buy and sell
To the best advantage, how to cure my Oxen
When they're oregrown with labour. *Cha.* I may doe this
From what I've read Sir; for what concerns tillage?
Who better can deliver it then *Virgil*
In his *Georgicks*? and to cure your heards,
His *Bucolicks* is a masterpeece; but when
He does describe the Commonwealth of Bees,
Their industry and knowledge of the hearbs,
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the Hive,
Their government among themselves, their order
In going forth, and comming loaden home,
Their obedience to their King, and his rewards
To such as labour, with his punishments
Onely inflicted on the slothfull Drone,
I'me ravished with it, and there reape my harvest,
And there receive the gaine my Cattell bring me,
And there finde wax and honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
In your imagination, heyday, heyday,
Georgicks and *Bucolicks*, and Bees! Art mad?
Cha. No Sir, the knowledge of these guard me from it.
Bri. But can you finde among your bundle of bookes,
(And put in all your Dictionaries that speak all tongues)
What pleasures they enjoy, that doe embrace
A well shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.
Cha. 'Tis frequent Sir in story, there I read of
All kinde of vertuous and vitious women,
The ancient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladies,
Their beauties, and deformities, and when
I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,

Crown'd

Crown'd with ſtill-flouriſhing leaves of truth and goodneſſe,
With ſuch a feeling I peruſe their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely taſted
Their raviſhing ſweetneſſe; at the preſent loving
The whole ſex for their goodneſſe and example.
But on the contrary when I looke on
A *Clytemneſtra* or a *Tullia*,
The firſt bath'd in her husbands blood; The latter,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her Chariot ore her fathers breathleſſe trunke:
Horrour invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few
That did dye Innocents, I deteſt, and loath 'm
As ignorance or Athieſme. *Bri.* You reſolve then
Nere to make payment of the debt you owe me.
Cha. What debt, good Sir? *Bri.* A debt I paid my father
When I begat thee, and made him a Grandfire,
Which I expect from you. *Cha.* The children Sir,
Which I will leave to all poſterity,
Begot and brought up by my painefull ſtudies,
Shall be my living iſſue. *Bri.* Very well,
And I ſhall have a generall collection
Of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time
To be my Grandchild. *Cha.* And ſuch a one I hope Sir,
As ſhall not ſhame the family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take care of my eſtate. *Cha.* But in my wiſhes,
For know Sir, that the wings on which my Soule
Is mounted, have long ſince borne her too high
To ſtoope to any prey, that ſoares not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill mindes compos'd of earth,
In that groſſe Element fixe all their happineſſe;
But purer ſpirits, purg'd and refin'd, ſhake off
That clog of humane frailty; give me leave
T' enjoy my ſelfe, that place that does containe
My Bookes (the beſt Companions) is to me
A glorious Court, where hourely I converſe
With the old Sages and Philoſophers,
And ſometimes for variety, I conferre
With Kings and Emperours, and weigh their Councels,
Calling their Victories (if unjuſtly got)
Unto a ſtrict accompt, and in my phancy,
Deface their ill plac'd Statues; Can I then

Part with ſuch conſtant pleaſures, to embrace
Uncertaine vanities? No, be it your care
T' augment your heape of wealth; It ſhall be mine
T' encreaſe in knowledge——Lights there for my ſtudy. *Exit.*
Bri. Was ever man that had reaſon thus tranſported
From all ſenſe and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me, and if I found not comfort
In my young *Euſtace*, I might well conclude
My name were at a period! *Lew.* Hee's indeed Sir, } *Enter Euſt.*
The ſurer baſe to build on. *Bri. Euſtace. Euſt.* Sir. } *Egre. Cow.*
Bri. Your eare in private. *And.* I ſuſpect my Maſter } *& Andrew.*
Has found harſh welcome, he's gone ſupperleſſe
Into his ſtudy; could I finde out the cauſe,
It may be borrowing of his bookes, or ſo,
I ſhall be ſatisfi'd. *Euſt.* My duty ſhall Sir,
Take any forme you pleaſe, and in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might beare me to.
Lew. It is well anſwer'd. *Euſt.* Nor ſhall you my Lord,
Nor your faire daughter ever finde juſt cauſe
To mourne your choice of me; the name of husband
Nor the authority it carries in it
Shall ever teach me to forget to be
As I am now her ſervant, and your Lordſhips,
And but that modeſty forbids, that I
Should ſound the Trumpe of my own deſerts,
I could ſay my choice manners have been ſuch
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To th' Princes of the blood. *Cow.* Nay to the King.
Egr. Nay to the King & Councel. *And.* Theſe are Court admirers,
And ever eccho him that beares the bagge,
Though I be dull ey'd, I ſee through this jugling.
Euſt. Then for my hopes. *Cow* Nay certainties. *Euſt.* They ſtand
As faire as any mans. What can there fall
In compaſſe of her wiſhes which ſhe ſhall not
Be ſuddenly poſſeſs'd of? Loves the title?
By th' grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what ſhe would have me. *Bri.* He ſpeaks well,
And I believe him. *Lew.* I could wiſh I did ſo.
Pray you a word Sir, Hee's a proper Gentleman,
And promiſes nothing, but what is poſſible.

So

So farre I will goe with you, Nay I adde,
He hath wonne much upon me, and were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargaine
Were ſoon ſtruck up. *Bri.* What's that my Lord? *Lew.* The heire.
And. Which he is not, and I truſt never ſhall be.
Bri. Come, that ſhall breed no difference, you ſee
Charles has giv'n ore the World; Ile undertake,
And with much each caſe, to buy his birth-right of him
For a ſhelfe of new books; nor ſhall my ſtate
Alone make way for him, but my elder brothers,
Who being iſſueleſſe, t' advance our name,
I doubt not will adde his; Your reſolution?
Lew. Ile firſt acquaint my daughter with the proceedings,
On theſe tearmes I am yours, as ſhe ſhall be,
Make you no ſcruple, get the writings ready,
She ſhall be tractable; to morrow we will hold
A ſecond conference: Farewell noble *Euſtace*,
And you brave Gallants. *Euſt.* Full increaſe of honour
Waite ever on your Lordſhip. *And.* The Gowt rather
And a perpetuall Meagrim. *Bri.* You ſee *Euſtace*,
How I travaile to poſſeſſe you of a fortune
You were not borne to, be you worthy of it,
Ile furniſh you for a Suitor; viſit her,
And proſper in't. *Euſt.* Shee's mine Sir; feare it not:
In all my travailes, I nere met a Virgin
That could reſiſt my courtſhip. *Bri.* If this take now,
W'are made for ever, and will revelle it. *Exeunt.*
And. In tough welſh parſley, which in our vulgar Tongue
Is ſtrong hempen halters; My poore Maſter cooz'nd,
And I a looker on! If we have ſtudied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And conſequents, to be concluded coxcombes,
VV' have made a faire hand on't, I'm glad I h've found
Out all their plots, and their conſpiracies,
This ſhall t'old Monſieur *Miramont*, one, that though
He cannot reade a Proclamation, yet
Dotes on learning, and loves my Maſter *Charles*
For being a Scholar, I heare he's comming hither,
I ſhall meet him, and if he be that old
Rough teaſty blade he alwaies us'd to be,
Ile ring him ſuch a peale as ſhall goe neare

To

To ſhake their belroome, peradventure, beat'm,
For he is fire and flaxe, and ſo have at him. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus 2. *Scœna* 1.

MIRAMONT. BRISAC.

NAy brother, brother. *Bri.* Pray Sir be not moved,
I meddle with no buſineſſe but mine owne,
And in mine owne 'tis reaſon I ſhould governe.
Mir. But know to governe then, and underſtand Sir,
And be as wiſe as y' are haſty, though you be
My brother and from one blood ſprung, I muſt tell yee
Heartily & home too. *Bri.* What Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to find,
You are a foole, and an old foole, and that's two.
Bri. We'l part 'em, if you pleaſe. *Mir.* No they're entail'd to ye;
Seeke to deprive an honeſt noble ſpirit,
Your eldeſt ſonne Sir, and your very Image,
(But he's ſo like you that he fares the worſe for't)
Becauſe he loves his booke and doats on that,
And onely ſtudies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of ſuch courſe brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Then when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choake your hide-bound Tenants with muſty harveſts.
Bri. You goe too faſt. *Mir.* I'm not come to my pace yet,
Becauſe h' has made his ſtudy all his pleaſure,
And is retir'd into his contemplation,
Not medling with the dirt and chaffe of nature,
That makes the ſpirit and the minde mud too,
Therefore muſt he be flung from his inheritance?
Muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd, and Monſieur gingle boy
His younger brother?—*Bri.* You forget your ſelfe.
Mir. Becauſe h' has been at Court and learn'd new tongues,
And how to ſpeak a tedious ſpeech of nothing,
To vary his face as Seamen doe their Compaſſe,

To

To worſhip Images of gold and ſilver,
And fall before the ſhe Calves of the *Seaſon*,
Therefore muſt he jump into his brothers land?
Bri, Have you done yet, and have you ſpake enough
In praiſe of Learning, Sir? *Mir*. Never enough.
Bri. But brother doe you know what learning is?
Mir. It is not to be a Juſtice of Peace, as you are,
And palter out your time ith' penall Statutes,
To heare the curious Tenets controverted
Between a Proteſtant Conſtable, and a Jeſuit Cobler,
To pick naturall Philoſophy out of bawdry
When your Worſhip's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady,
Nor 'tis not the maine morall of blinde Juſtice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worſhips Tenants
Bring a light cauſe, and heavy hennes before yee,
Both fat and feeſible, a Gooſe or Pig,
And then you ſit like equity with both hands
Weighing indifferently the ſtate oth' queſtion.
Theſe are your quodlibets, but no learning brother.
Bri. You are ſo parlouſly in love with learning,
That I'de be glad to know what you underſtand, brother,
I'me ſure you have read all *Ariſtotle*. *Mir*. Faith no,
But I beleeve, I have a learned faith Sir,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my ſort,
Though I can ſpeak no Greek, I love the ſound on't,
It goes ſo thundring as it conjur'd Devils;
Charles ſpeaks it loftily, and if thou wert a man,
Or had'ſt but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*,
Heſiod, and the Greek Poets, thou would'ſt runne mad,
And hang thy ſelf for joy th'hadſt ſuch a Gentleman
To be thy ſonne; O he has read ſuch things
To me! *Bri*. And you doe underſtand 'm brother.
Mir. I tell thee no, that's not materiall; the ſound's
Sufficient to confirme an honeſt man:
Good brother *Briſac*, do's your young Courtier
That wears the fine cloathes, and is the excellent Gentleman,
(The Traveller, the Souldier, as you think too)
Underſtand any other power than his Tailor?
Or knows what motion is, more than an horſe-race?
What the Moon means, but to light him home from Taverns?

Or the comfort of the Sunne is, but to weare ſlaſh't clothes in?
And muſt this peece of ignorance be popt up,
Becauſe 't can kiſſe the hand, and cry ſweet Lady?
Say it had been at *Rome*, and ſeen the Reliques,
Drunke your *Verdea* wine, and ridde at *Naples*,
Brought home a box of *Venice* treacle, with it
To cure young wenches that have eaten aſhes:
Muſt this thing therefore?——*Bri.* Yes Sir, this thing muſt,
I will not truſt my land to one ſo ſotted,
So grown like a diſeaſe unto his ſtudy,
He that will fling off all occaſions
And cares, to make him underſtand what ſtate is,
And how to governe it, muſt by that reaſon,
Be flung himſelfe aſide from managing:
My younger boy is a fine Gentleman.
Mir. He is an aſſe, a peece of Ginger-bread,
Gilt over to pleaſe fooliſh girles and puppets.
Bri. You are my elder brother. *Mir.* So I had need,
And have an elder wit, thou'd'ſt ſhame us all elſe,
Go too, I ſay, *Charles* ſhall inherit. *Bri.* I ſay no,
Unleſſe *Charles* had a ſoule to underſtand it,
Can he manage ſix thouſand Crowns a yeare
Out of the metaphyſicks? or can all
His learn'd Aſtronomy look to my Vineyards?
Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?
(I know they can drink 'm) or your excellent humaniſts
Sell 'm the Merchants for my beſt advantage?
Can Hiſtory cut my Hay, or get my Corn in?
And can Geometry vent it in the market?
Shall I have my Sheep kept with a *Iacobs* ſtaffe now?
I wonder you will magnifie this mad man,
You that are old and ſhould underſtand. *Mir.* Should, ſai'ſt thou,
Thou monſtrous peece of ignorance in office!
Thou that haſt no more know'edge than thy Clerke infuſes.
Thy dapper Clerke larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than cuſtome of offences;
Thou unreprieveable Dunce! that thy formall bandſtrings,
Thy ring nor pomander cannot expiate for,
Do'ſt thou tell me I ſhould? Ile poſe thy Worſhip
In thine owne Library an Almanacke,

Which

Which thou art dayly poring on to picke out
Dayes of iniquity to cozen fooles in,
And full Moones to cut cattell; do'ſt thou taint me,
That have runne over ſtory, Poetry,
Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping ſhadow
Does ore the eares of Corne, and leave'em blaſted,
Put up your anger, what Ile doe Ile doe.
Mir. Thou ſhalt not doe *Bri.* I will. *Mir* Thou art an Aſſe then,
A dull old tedious Aſſe, th' art ten times worſe
And of leſſe credit than Dunce *Hollingſhead*
The Engliſhman, that writes of ſnowes and Sheriffes.

Enter LEVVIS.

Bri. Well take your pleaſure, here's one I muſt talke with.
Lew. Good day Sir. *Bri.* Faire to you Sir. *Lew.* May I ſpeak w'yee.
Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodneſſe.
Lew. Good morrow Monſieur *Miramont*. *Mir.* O ſweet Sir,
Keepe your good morrow to coole your Worſhips pottage,
A couple of the worlds fooles met together
To raiſe up dirt and dunghils. *Lew.* Are they drawne?
Bri. They ſhall be ready Sir, within theſe two houres,
And *Charles* ſet his hand. *Lew.* 'Tis neceſſary,
For he being a joint purchaſer, though your ſtate
Was got by your own induſtry, unleſſe
He ſeale to the Conveyance, it can be
Of no validity. *Bri.* He ſhall be ready,
And doe it willingly. *Mir.* He ſhall be hang'd firſt.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes. *Lew.* She loves him well Sir,
Young *Euſtace* is a baite to catch a woman,
A budding ſpritely fellow, y'are reſolv'd then,
That all paſſe from *Charles*. *Bri.* All, all, he's nothing,
A bunch of books ſhall be his patrimony,
And more then he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your brother
Paſſe over his land too, to your ſonne *Euſtace*
You know he has no heir. *Mir.* He will be flead firſt,
And horſe-collers made of 's skin! *Bri.* Let him alone,
A wilfull man; my ſtate ſhall ſerve the turne Sir.
And how does your daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the houre,
And like a bluſhing Roſe that ſtaies the pulling.
Bri. To morrow then's the day. *Lew.* Why then to morrow
Ile bring the Girle, get you the writings ready.

Mir. But harke you Monſieur, have you the vertuous cónſcience
To helpe to rob an heire, an Elder Brother
Of that which nature and the Law flings on him?
You were your fathers eldeſt ſonne, I take it,
And had his Land, would you had had his wit too,
Or his diſcretion to conſider nobly,
What 'tis to deale unworthily in theſe things;
You'll ſay, hee's none of yours, he's his ſonne,
And he will ſay, he is no ſonne to inherit
Above a ſhelfe of books; Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and reade and know things?
Why was he not like his father, a dumbe Juſtice?
A flat dull peece of flegme, ſhap'd like a man,
A reverend Idoll in a peece of auras?
Can you lay diſobedience, want of manners,
Or any capitall crime to his charge? *Lew.* I doe not,
Nor doe not weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir,
This man muſt anſwer. *Bri.* I have don't already,
And giv'n ſufficient reaſon to ſecure me:
And ſo good morrow brother to your patience.
Lew. Good morrow Monſieur *Miramont*. *Mir.* Good night-caps.
Keep your brains warm, or Maggots will breed in 'm.
Well *Charles*, thou ſhalt not want to buy thee books yet,
The faireſt in thy ſtudy are my gift,
And the Univerſity *Lovains* for thy ſake
Hath taſted of my bounty, and to vex
Th' old doting foole thy father, and thy brother,
They ſhall not ſhare a *Solz* of mine between them;
Nay more, Ile give thee eight thouſand Crowns a year,
In ſome high ſtraine to write my Epitaph.——*Exit.*

Actus II. *Scœna* II.

EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

How doe I look now to my elder Brother;
Nay, 'tis a handſome Suite. *Cow.* All courtly, courtly.
Euſt. Ile aſſure ye Gentlemen, my Tailor has travail'd,
And ſpeaks as lofty language in his bills too,
The cover of an old book would not ſhew thus.

Fye,

Fye, fye, what things theſe Academicks are,
Theſe book-wormes, how they look! *Egr.* Th' are meere Images
They'll prattle yee of *primum mobile*,
And tell a ſtory of the ſtate of Heaven,
What Lords and Ladies governe in ſuch houſes,
And what wonders they doe when they meet together,
And how they ſpit ſnow, fire, and haile like a Jugler,
And make a noiſe when they are drunk, which we call Thun der
Cow. They are the ſneaking'ſt things, and the contemptibleſt;
Such ſmall beere brains, but ask 'em any thing
Out of the Element of their underſtanding,
And they ſtand gaping like a roaſted Pig;
Doe they know what a Court is, or a Councell,
Or how th' affaires of Chriſtendome are manag'd?
Doe they know any thing but a tyr'd hackney?
And they cry abſurd as the horſe underſtood 'em.
They have made a fine youth of your elder brother,
A pretty peece of fleſh. *Euſt.* I thank 'm for it,
Long may he ſtudy to give me his ſtate.
Saw you my Miſtreſſe? *Egr.* Yes, ſhe's a ſweet young woman,
But be ſure you keep her from learning. *Euſt.* Songs ſhe
May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetrie,
Such as the Dablers of our time contrive.
That has no weight, nor wheele to move the minde,
Nor indeed nothing but an empty ſound;
She ſhall have cloathes, but not made by Geometry,
Horſes and Coach but of no immortall race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine houſe,
Above a gentle Reader; They corrupt
The fooliſh women with their ſubtle problems:
Ile have my houſe call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philoſophers from entertinement.
Cow. It will doe well, love thoſe that love good faſhions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'm,
That ſpeak the liſpe of Court, Oh 'tis great learning!
To ride well, daunce well, ſing well, or whiſtle Courtly,
Th' are rare endowments; that have ſeen farre Countries,
And can ſpeak ſtrange things, though they ſpeak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?
Euſt. To morrow, I think, we muſt have a Maſque Boyes,

And of our own making. *Egr.* Tis not halfe an houres work,
A *Cupid* and a fiddle, and the thing's done,
But let's be handſome, ſhall's be Gods or Nymphs?
Euſt. What, Nymphs with beards? *Cow.* That's true, wee'll be
Knights then,
Some wandring Knights, that light here on a ſudden.
Euſt. Let's go, let's go, I muſt goe viſit, Gentlemen,
And marke what ſweet lips I muſt kiſſe to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Actus II. *Scœna* III.

COOKE, ANDREVV, BUTLER.

And how does my Maſter? *And.* Is at's book, peace Coxcombe,
That ſuch an unlearn'd tongue as thine ſhould ask for him!
Co. Do's he not ſtudy conjuring too? *And.* Have you
Loſt any plate, *Butler*? *But.* No, but I know
I ſhall to morrow at dinner. *And.* Then to morrow
You ſhall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle
With no ſpirits oth' Buttery, they taſte too ſmall for us;
Keep me a pye *in folio*, I beſeech thee,
And thou ſhalt ſee how learnedly Ile tranſlate him;
Shall's have good cheere to morrow? *Coo.* Ex' Lent, good cheere
Andrew.
And. The ſpight on't is, that much about that time,
I ſhall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the Males and Females of red Herrings,
And whether they be taken in the red Sea onely,
A queſtion found out by *Copernicus*,
The learned Motion-maker. *Co.* I marry, *Butler*,
Here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him,
Would ſwear he underſtood no more than we doe.
But. Certaine, a learned *Andrew*. *And.* I've ſo much on't,
And am ſo loaden with ſtrong underſtanding,
I feare they'll run me mad, here's a new inſtrument,
A metamaticall gliſter to purge the Moon with,
When ſhe is laden with cold flegmatick humours,
And here's another to remove the Stars,
When they grow too thick in the Firmament.
Co. O heavens! why doe I labour out my life
In a beefe-pot? And onely ſearch the ſecrets

Of

Of a Sallad, and know no further! *And.* They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; Theſe are far above
Your Element of Fire, *Cooke*, I could tell you
Of *Archimedes* glaſſe to fire your coales with,
And of the Philoſophers turfe that nere goes out;
And *Gilbert Butler*, I could raviſh thee,
With two rare inventions. *But.* But what are they *Andrew*?
And. The one to blanch your bread for chippings baſe,
And in a moment, as thou would'ſt an Almond,
The Sect of the Epicurians invented that;
The other for thy trenchers, that's a ſtrong one,
To cleanſe you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noiſe heard, which is the wonder *Gilbert*,
And this was out of *Plato's* new *Idea's*
But. Why what a learned Maſter do'ſt thou ſerve *Andrew*?
And. Theſe are but the ſcrapings of his underſtanding *Gilbert*;
With Gods and Goddeſſes, and ſuch ſtrange people
He deales, and treats with in ſo plaine a faſhion,
As thou do'ſt with thy boy that draws thy drink,
Or *Ralph* there with his kitchin boyes and ſcalders.
Coo. But why ſhould he not be familiar and talke ſometimes,
As other Chriſtians doe, of hearty matters,
And come into the kitchin, and there cut his breakfaſt?
But. And then retire to the Buttry and there eate it,
And drink a luſty bowle, my young Maſter
That muſt be now the heire, will doe all theſe,
I and be drunk too; Theſe are mortall things.
And. My Maſter ſtudies immortalitie. *Coo.* Now thou talk'ſt
Of immortality, how does thy wife *Andrew?* My old Maſter
Did you no ſmall pleaſure when he procur'd her
And ſtock'd you in a farme. If he ſhould love her now,
As he hath a Colts tooth yet, what ſayes your learning
And your ſtrange inſtruments to that my *Andrew*?
Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it?
Can ye put by his Mathematicall Engine?
And. Yes, or Ile break it; thou awaken'ſt me,
And Ile peepe ith' Moon this moneth but Ile watch for him.
My maſter rings, I muſt goe make him a fire,
And conjure ore his books. *Coo.* Adieu good *Andrew*,
And ſend thee manly patience with thy learning. —*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus II. *Scæna* IV.

CHARLES.

I have forgot to eate and ſleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into ſtudy,
'Tis meat and ſleep, what need I outward garments,
When I can cloathe my ſelfe with underſtanding,
The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors,
Yet ever new they are, and ſhine like Courtiers,
The ſeaſons of the year finde no fond parents,
Yet ſome are arm'd in ſilver Ice that glifters,
And ſome in gawdy green come in like Maſquers,
The Silk-worme ſpins her own ſuite and her lodging,
And has no aide, nor partner in her labours:
Why ſhould we care for any thing but knowledge,
Or look upon the world but to contemne it?

Enter ANDREW.

Would you have any thing? *Cha. Andrew*, I finde
There is a ſtie grown ore the eye oth' Bull,
Which will goe nere to blinde the Conſtellation.
And. Put a gold-ring in's noſe, and that will cure him.
Cha. Ariadne's crown's awry too, two main ſtars
That held it faſt are ſlipp'd out. *And.* Send it preſently
To *Gallatteo* the Italian Star-wright
Hee'll ſet it right againe with little labour.
Cha. Thou art a pretty Scholar. *And.* I hope I ſhall be,
I have not ſwept your books ſo long to know nothing.
Cha. I heare thou art married. *And.* It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maide of his own chooſing,
I doubt her conſtellation's looſe too, and wants nailing,
And a ſweet farme he has given us a mile off Sir.
Cha. Marry thy ſelfe to underſtanding, *Andrew*.
Theſe women are *Errata* in all Authours,
They're faire to ſee to, and bound up in vellam,
Smoothe, white, and cleare, but their contents are monſtrous;
They treat of nothing, but dull ages and diſeaſes.
Thou haſt not ſo much wit in thy head, as there is
On thoſe ſhelves *Andrew*. *And.* I think I have not Sir.

Cha.

Cha. No, if thou had'ſt thould'ſt nere have warmed a woman
In thy boſome, they're Cataplaſmes made oth' deadly ſins,
I nere ſaw any yet but mine own mother,
Or if I did, I not regarded them, but
As ſhadowes that paſſe by of under Creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? Ile truſt you with my owne wife;
I would not have your brother goe beyond ye,
Th' are the prettieſt naturall Philoſophers to play with.
Cha. No, no, th' are opticks to delude mens eyes with.
Does my younger brother ſpeak any Greek yet, *Andrew*?
And. No, but he ſpeaks high Dutch, and that goes as daintily.
Cha Reach me the books down I read yeſterday,
And make a little fire, and get a Manchet,
Make cleane thoſe inſtruments of braſſe I ſhew'd you,
And ſet the great Sphere by, then take the fox taile
And purge the Books from duſt, laſt take your *Lilly*,
And get your part ready. *And.* Shall I goe home Sir?
My wives name is *Lilly*, there my beſt part lies, Sir.
Cha. I mean your Grammar, O thou dunderhead!
Would'ſt thou ever be in thy wives *ſyntaxis*?
Let me have no noiſe, nor nothing to diſturbe me,
I am to finde a ſecret. *And.* So am I too,
Which if I doe finde, I ſhall make ſome ſmart for't. ——— *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. *Scœna* 1.

LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, NOTARY.

THis is the day my daughter *Angellina*,
The happy day that muſt make you a fortune,
A large and full one, my great care has wrought it,
And yours muſt be as great to entertaine it.
Young *Euſtace* is a Gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His perſon excellent, I know you finde that,
I reade it in your eyes, you like his youth,
Young handſome people ſhould be match'd together,
Then follows handſome Children, handſome fortunes,

The moſt part of his fathers ſtate, my Wench,
Is ti'd in joynture, that makes up the harmony,
And when y'are married he's of that ſoft temper,
And ſo farre will be chain'd to your obſervance,
That you may rule and turne him as you pleaſe.
What are the writings drawn on our ſide, Sir?
Not. They are, and here I have ſo fetter'd him,
That if the Elder Brother ſet his hand to,
Not all the power of Law ſhall ere releaſe him.
Lew. Theſe Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to doe more miſchiefe than an Army:
Are all your clauſes ſure? *Not.* Sure as proportion,
They may turne Rivers ſooner than theſe Writings.
Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?
Lew. 'Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the Writing,
If not found all the land. *Lew.* Theſe are ſmall Devills
That care not who has miſchiefe, ſo they make it;
They live upon the meere ſcent of diſſention.
'Tis well, 'tis well, Are you contented Girle?
For your will muſt be known. *Ang.* A husband's welcome,
And as an humble wife Ile entertaine him,
No ſoveraignty I aime at, 'tis the mans Sir,
For ſhe that ſeekes it, kils her husbands honour:
The Gentleman I have ſeen, and well obſerv'd him,
Yet finde not that grac'd excellence you promiſe,
A pretty Gentleman, and he may pleaſe too,
And ſome few flaſhes I have heard come from him,
But not to admiration, as to others;
He's young, and may be good, yet he may make it,
And I may help and help to thank him alſo.
It is your pleaſure I ſhould make him mine,
And 't has been ſtill my duty to obſerve you.
Lew. Why then let's goe, and I ſhall love your modeſty.
To horſe, and bring the Coach out. *Angellina,*
To morrow you will look more womanly.
Ang. So I look honeſtly, I fear no eyes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus III. *Scæna* I I.

BRISAC, ANDREVV, COOKE, LILLY.

Waite on your Maſter, he ſhall have that befits him.
And. No inheritance, Sir? *Bri.* You ſpeak like a foole, a coxcombe,
He ſhall have an annuall means to buy him bookes,
And finde him clothes and meat, what would he more?
Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat againſt his nature:
I love him too, and honour thoſe gifts in him.
And. Shall Maſter *Euſtace* have all? *Bri.* All, all, he knows how
To uſe it, he's a man bred in the world,
T' other ith' heavens: my maſters, pray be wary,
And ſerviceable, and *Cooke* ſee all your ſawces
Be ſharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may
Commend you, look to your roaſt and bak'd meats handſomely,
And what new kickſhawes and delicate made things----
Is th' Muſick come? *But.* Yes Sir, th' are here at breakfaſt.
Bri. There will be a Maſque too, you muſt ſee this room clean,
And *Butler* your door open to all good fellows,
But have an eye to your plate, for there be Furies:
My *Lilly* welcome, you are for the linnen,
Sort it, and ſet it ready for the table,
And ſee the bride-bed made, and look the cords be
Not cut a ſunder by the Gallants too,
There be ſuch knacks abroad; hark hither, *Lilly*,
To morrow night at twelve a clock, Ile ſuppe w' ye,
Your husband ſhall be ſafe, Ile ſend ye meat too,
Before I cannot well ſlip from my company.
And. Will ye ſo, will you ſo, Sir? Ile make one to eate it,
I may chance to make you ſtagger too. *Bri.* No anſwer, *Lilly*:
Lil. One word about the linnen; Ile be ready,
And reſt your worſhips ſtill. *And.* And Ile reſt w' yee,
You ſhall ſee what reſt 'twill be: Are ye ſo nimble:
A man had need have ten paire of eares to watch you.
Bri. Waite on your Maſter, for I know he wants ye,
And keep him in his ſtudy, that the noiſe
Doe not moleſt him: I will not faile my *Lilly*——
Come in ſweet hearts, all to their ſeverall duties. *Exeunt.*
And. Are you kiſſing ripe, Sir? Double but my farme
And kiſſe her till thy heart ake; theſe ſmock vermin,

How eagerly they leape at old mens kiſſes,
They lick their lips at profit, not at pleaſure;
And if't were not for th' ſcurvy name of Cuckold,
He ſhould lye with her, I know ſhe'll labour at length
With a good Lordſhip. If he had a wife now,
But that's all one, I le fit him: I muſt up
Unto my Maſter, he'll be mad with ſtudy. *Exit.*

Actus III. *Scœna* III.

CHARLES.

What noiſe is this, my head is broken,
Within a Parentheſis, in every corner
As if the earth were ſhaken with ſome ſtrange Collect,
There are ſtirs and motions, What Planet rules this houſe?

Enter ANDREVV.

Who's there? *And.* Tis I Sir, faithfull *Andrew.* *Cha.* Come neere,
And lay thine eare down, hear'ſt no noiſe? *And.* The Cookes
Are chopping herbs and mince meat to make pies,
And breaking Marrow-bones--- *Cha.* Can they ſet them againe?
And. Yes, yes, in brothes and puddings, and they grow ſtronger
For th' uſe of any man. *Cha.* What ſqueaking's that?
Sure there is a maſſacre. *And.* Of Pi s and Geeſe Sir,
And Turkeys for the ſpit. The Cookes are angry Sir,
And that makes up the medly. *Cha.* Doe they thus
At every dinner? I nere mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a Cooke. *And.* Th' are ſometimes ſober,
And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.
Cha. What loades are theſe? *And.* Meate, meate, Sir, for the Kitchin,
And ſtinking fowles the Tenants have ſent in,
They'll nere be found out at a generall eating,
And there's fat Veniſon, Sir, *Cha.* What's that? *And.* VVhy Deere,
Thoſe that men fatten for their private pleaſures,
And let their Tenants ſtarve upon the Commons.
Cha. I've read of Deere, but yet I nere eate any.
And. And there's a Fiſhmongers boy with Caviar Sir,
Anchoves and Potargo to make ye drink.

Cha.

Cha. Sure theſe are moderne, very moderne meats,
For I underſtand 'em not. *And.* No more do's any man
From Caca merda or a ſubſtance worſe,
Till they be greas'd with oyle, and rub'd with onions,
And then flung out of doores, they are rare Sallads.
Cha And why is all this, prithee tell me *Andrew*?
Are there any Princes to dine here to day?
By this abundance, ſure there ſhould be Princes;
I 've read of entertainement for the Gods
At halfe this charge, will not ſix diſhes ſerve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a ſmall one.
And. Your Brother's married to day, hee's married,
Your younger brother *Euſtace*. *Cha.* What of that?
And. And all the friends about are bidden hither.
There's not a dog that knows the houſe but comes too.
Cha. Marryed? to whom? *And.* Why to a dainty Gentlewoman,
Young, ſweet, and modeſt. *Cha.* Are there modeſt women?
How doe they look? *And.* O you'ld bleſſe your ſelfe to ſee them.
He parts with's booke, he nere did ſo before yet.
Cha. What does my father for 'em? *And.* Gives all his land,
And makes your brother heir. *Cha.* Muſt I have nothing?
And. Yes, you muſt ſtudy ſtill, and hee'll maintaine you.
Cha. I am his Elder Brother. *And.* True, you were ſo,
But he has leap'd ore your ſhoulders, Sir. *Cha.* 'Tis well,
Hee'll not inherit my underſtanding too?
And. I think not, hee'll ſcarce finde Tenants to let it
Out to. *Cha.* Hark, hark. *And.* The Coach that brings the faire Lady

Enter LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, *Ladies* NOTARY, *&c.*

And. Now you may ſee her. *Cha.* Sure this ſhould be modeſt;
But I doe not truly know what women make of it;
Andrew, ſhe has a face looks like a ſtory,
The ſtory of the heavens looks very like her.
And. She has a very wide face then. *Cha.* She has a Cherubins,
Cover'd and vail'd with modeſt bluſhes.
Euſtace be happy, whiles poore *Charles* is patient.
Get me my book againe, and come in with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY, MIRAMONT.

Bri. Welcome ſweet Daughter, welcome noble brother,
Aud you are welcome Sir, with all your writings,
Ladies moſt welcome; What? my angry brother?
You muſt be welcome too, the feaſt is flat elſe.
Mir. I come not for your welcome, I expect none,
I bring no joyes to bleſſe the bed withall,
Nor Songs, nor Maſques to glorifie the Nuptialls,
I bring an angry minde to ſee your folly,
A ſharpe one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'll ſtay and dine though? *Mir.* All your meate ſmells muſty.
Your Table will ſhew nothing to content me.
Bri. Ile aſſure you, here's good meate. *Mira.* But your ſawce is ſcurvy,
It is not ſeaſon'd with the ſharpneſſe of diſcretion.
Euſt. It ſeems your anger is at me, deare Uncle.
Mir. Thee, thou art not worth my anger, th'art a boy,
A lumpe o'thy fathers likeneſſe, made of nothing
But antick cloathes and cringes, looke in thy head,
And 'twill appeare a football full of fumes
And rotten ſmoke: Lady, I pity you,
You are a handſome and a ſweet young Lady,
And ought to have a handſome man yoak'd t' yee,
An underſtanding too, this is a Gincracke,
That can get nothing but new faſhions on you,
For ſay he have a thing ſhap'd like a childe,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a Tailor.
Euſt. Theſe are but harſh words Uncle. *Mir.* So I meane 'em,
Sir, you play harſher play w' your elder brother.
Euſt. I would be loth to give you. *Mir.* Doe not venter,
Ile make your wedding cloathes fit cloſer t' ee then;
I but diſturbe you, Ile goe ſee my Nephew.
Lew. Pray take a peece of roſemary. *Mir.* Ile weare it,
But for the Ladies ſake, and none of yours,
May be Ile ſee your table too. *Bri.* Pray doe, Sir.
Ang. A mad old Gentleman. *Bri.* Yes faith, ſweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age to my knowledge,
He has made *Charles* his heire, I know that certainely,

Then

Then why ſhould he grudge *Euſtace* any thing?
Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as they ſay, this *Charles* is,
That makes his booke his Miſtreſſe: Sure, there's ſomething
Hid in this old mans anger, that declares him
Not a meere Sot. *Bri.* Come ſhall we goe and ſeale, brother?
All things are ready, and the Prieſt is here,
When *Charles* has ſet his hand unto the Writings,
As he ſhall inſtantly, then to the Wedding,
And ſo to dinner. *Lew.* Come, let's ſeal the book firſt,
For my daughters Joynture. *Bri.* Let's be private in't, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scæna* IV.

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT, ANDREVV.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone. *Cha.* Hum. *Mir.* Ha' ye no greater feeling?
And. You were ſenſible when the great booke, Sir,
Fell on your head, and now the houſe
Is ready to fall, Doe you feare nothing? *Cha.* Will
Hee have my bookes too? *Mir.* No, he has a booke,
A faire one too to reade on, and reade wonders,
I would thou hadſt her in thy ſtudy Nephew,
And 'twere but to new ſtring her. *Cha.* Yes, I ſaw her,
And me thought 'twas a curious peece of learning,
Handſomely bound, and of a dainty letter.
And. He flung away his book. *Mir.* I like that in him,
Would he had flung away his dulneſſe too,
And ſpake to her. *Cha.* And muſt my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has. *Cha.* And that faire woman too?
Mir. That woman alſo. *Cha.* He has enough then.
May I not ſee her ſometimes, and call her Siſter?
I will doe him no wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,
I could now cry for anger; theſe old fooles
Are the moſt ſtubborne & the wilfulleſt Coxcombs.
Farewell, and fall to your booke, forget your brother,

You

You are my heire, and Ile provide y' a wife:
Ile look upon this marriage though I hate it. *Exit.*

Enter BRISAC.

Where is my ſonne? *And.* There Sir, caſting a figure
What chopping children his brother ſhall have.
Bri. He do's well; How do'ſt *Charles*? ſtill at thy book?
And. He's ſtudying now Sir, who ſhall be his father?
Bri. Peace you rude Knave——Come hither *Charles*, bee merry.
Cha. I thanke you I am buſie at my booke, Sir,
Br. You muſt put your hand my *Charles*, as I would have you,
Unto a little peece of parchment here,
Onely your name, you write a reaſonable hand.
Cha. But I may doe unreaſonably to write it,
What is it Sir? *Bri.* To paſſe the land I have, Sir,
Unto your younger brother. *Cha.* Is't no more?
Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing, you ſhal be provided ſtudies
And new bookes you ſhall have ſtill, and new for,
And have your means brought in without the care boy,
And one ſtill to attend you *Cha.* This ſhews your love father.
Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a ſtone, I take it.
Cha. Why father, Ile goe down an't pleaſe you let me,
Becauſe Ide ſee the thing they call the Gentlewoman,
I ſee no women but through contemplation,
And there Ile do't before the company.
And wiſh my brother fortune. *Bri.* Doe I prithee, 'twill be tenne times better.
Cha. I muſt not ſtay, for I have things above
Require my ſtudy. *Bri.* No thou ſhalt not ſtay,
Thou ſhalt have a brave dinner too. *And.* Now has he
Orethrown himſelf for ever; I will down
Into the Celler, and be ſtark drunk for anger. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scœna* V.

Enter LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, *Prieſt*, *Ladies*, COVVSY, *Notary*, MIRAMONT.

Not. Come let him bring his ſonnes hand, and all's done.
Euſt. Doe not we ſtay long Miſtris? *Ang.* I finde no fault, Sir,
Better things well done than want time to doe them.

Uncle

Uncle, why are you ſad? *Mir.* Sweet ſmelling bloſſome,
Would I were thine Uncle to thine owne content,
Ide make thy husbands ſtate a thouſand, better
A yearely thouſand, thou haſt miſt a man,
(But that he is addicted to his ſtudy,
And knowes no other Miſtreſſe than his minde)
Would weigh downe bundles of theſe empty kexes.
Ang. Can he ſpeake, Sir? *Mir.* Faith yes, but not to women:
His language is to heaven, and heavenly wonder,
To Nature, and her darke and ſecret cauſes.
Ang. And does he ſpeake well there? *Mir.* O, admirably,
But hee's too baſhfull to behold a woman,
Theres none that ſees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a man. *Mir.* Yes, and a cleare ſweet ſpirit.
Ang. Then converſation me thinks——*Mir.* So thinke I too,
But it is his rugged fate, and ſo I leave you.
Ang. I like thy nobleneſſe. *Euſt.* See my mad Uncle
Is courting my faire Miſtreſſe. *Lew.* Let him alone,
There's nothing that allayes an angry minde
So ſoone as a ſweet beauty; hee'l come to us.

Enter BRISAC, CHARLES.

Euſt. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder,
Broke like a ſpirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,
Come nearer *Charles*, 'Twas your deſire to ſee
My noble Daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to ſeale boy.
You doe like a good brother. *Lew.* Marry do's he,
And he ſhall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deede Sir, ready.
Cha. No, you muſt pardon me a while, I tell ye,
I am in contemplation, doe not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy ſtudy, *Charles*. *Cha.* Ile leave my life firſt;
I ſtudy now to be a man, I've found it.
Before, what man was, was my Argument.
Mir. I like this beſt of all, he has taken fire,
His dull miſt flyes away. *Euſt.* Will you ſet too your hand brother?
Cha. No, brother no, I have no time for poore things,
I'm taking th'height of that bright Conſtellation.
Bri. I ſay, you trifle time, ſonne. *Cha.* I will not ſeale, Sir,
I am your eldeſt, and Ile keepe my birthright;

For heaven forbid I ſhould become example;
Had yee' ſhew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour; doe I ſpeake right Vncle?
Mir. Bravely my boy, and bleſſe thy tongue. *Cha.* Ile forward,
But you have open'd to me ſuch a treaſure,
I finde my minde free, heaven direct my fortune.
Mir. Can he ſpeake now? Is this a ſonne to ſacrifice?
Cha. Such an inimitable peece of beauty,
That I have ſtudied long, and now found only,
That Ile part ſooner with my ſoule of reaſon,
And be a plant, a beaſt, a fiſh, a fly;
And onely make the number of things up
Than yeeld one foot of Land, if ſhe be ty'd to't.
Lew. He ſpeakes unhappily. *Ang.* And me thinkes bravely,
This the meere Scholar? *Euſt.* You but vexe your ſelfe brother,
And vexe your ſtudie too. *Cha.* Goe you and ſtudie,
For 'tis time young *Euſtace*, you want man and manners,
I've ſtudied both, although I made no ſhew on't,
Goe turne the Volumes over I have read,
Eate and digeſt them, that they may grow in thee,
Weare out the tedious night with thy dim Lampes
And ſooner looſe the day than leave a doubt,
Diſtill the ſweetneſſe from the Poets Spring.
And learne to love, Thou know'ſt not what faire is,
Traverſe the Stories of the great Heroes.
The wiſe and civil lives of good men walk through;
Thou haſt ſeene nothing but the face of Countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words:
Why ſhould'ſt thou weare a Jewell of this worth?
That haſt no worth within thee to preſerve her.

Beauty cleare and faire,
where the aire
Rather like a perfume dwelles,
Where the violet and the roſe
Their blew veines in bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

Where

Where to live neere,
and planted there,
Is to live, and ſtill live new,
Where to gaine a favour is
More than light, perpetuall bliſſe,
Make me live by ſerving you.

Deare againe back call,
to this light,
A ſtranger to himſelfe and all;
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and eke the glory.
I am your ſervant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speake ſuch another Ode, and take all yet,
What ſay ye to the Scholler now? *Ang.* I wonder;
Is he your brother, Sir? *Euſt.* Yes, would he were buried,
I feare hee'l make an aſſe of me a younger.
Ang. Speake not ſo ſoftly Sir, 'tis very likely.
Bri. Come leave your finicall talke, and let's diſpatch, *Charles.*
Cha. Diſpatch? What? *Bri.* Why the land. *Cha.* You are deceiv'd, Sir.
Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman,
And what maintaines her when ſhee's woo'd. Ile ſtop here.
A wilfull poverty nere made a beauty,
Nor want of meanes maintain'd it vertuouſly:
Though land and monies be no happineſſe,
Yet they are counted good Additions.
That uſe Ile make. He that neglects a bleſſing,
Though he want preſent knowledge how to uſe it,
Neglects himſelf; May be I have done you wrong Lady,
Whoſe love and hope went hand in hand together,
May be my brother, that has long expected
The happy houre and bleſt my ignorance:
Pray give me leave Sir, I ſhall cleare all doubts.
Why did they ſhew me you? Pray tell me that?
(*Mir.* Hee'l talke thee into a penſion for thy knavery)
Cha. You happy you, why did you breake unto me?
The roſie fingred morne nere broke ſo ſweetly:
I am a man and have deſires within me,

Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till your Spring of beauty raiſ'd them,
Till I ſaw thoſe eyes, I was but a lumpe,
A Chaos of confuſedneſſe dwelt in me;
Then from thoſe eyes ſhot Love, and he diſtinguiſht,
And into forme he drew my faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.
Bri. We had beſt remove the maid. *Char.* It is too late Sir,
I have her figure here. Nay frowne not *Euſtace*,
There are leſſe worthy ſoules for younger brothers,
This is no forme of ſilke but ſanctity,
Which wild lſcivious hearts can never dignifie.
Remove her where you will, I walke along ſtill,
For like the light we make no ſeparation;
You may ſooner part the billowes of the Sea,
And put a barre betwixt their fellowſhips,
Than blot out my remembrance, ſooner ſhut
Old time into a den, and ſtop his motion,
Waſh off the ſwift houres from his downy wings,
Or ſteale eternity to ſtop his glaſſe,
Then ſhut the ſweet Idea I have in me,
Roome for an elder brother, pray give place, Sir.
Mir. Has ſtudied duell too, take heede, hee'l beate thee.
Has frighted the old Juſtice into a fever;
For though he be grave with yeares, hee's a great baby.
Cha. Doe not you thinke me mad? *Ang.* No certaine, Sir,
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.
Cha. You looke upon my clothes and laugh at me.
My ſcurvie cloathes! *Ang.* They have rich lynings Sir.
I would your brother——— *Cha.* His are gay and gawdy.
Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they ſmell of Copper.
Cha: Can ye love me? I am an heire, ſweet Lady,
However I appeare a poore dependant;
Can you love with honour, I ſhall love ſo ever:
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father muſt dye.
Mir. That was well put in, I hope hee'll take it deepely.
Cha. Old men are not immortall, as I take it,
Is it, you looke for, youth and handſomneſſe?
I doe confeſſe my brother's a handſome Gentleman,

But

But he ſhall give me leave to leade the way Lady,
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man ſhall not love his heapes of gold
With a more doting ſuperſtition,
Than Ile love you; The young man his delights,
The Merchant when he ploughs the angry ſea up
And ſees the mountaine billowes falling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their angers
Were turn'd into one vow'd deſtruction,
Shall not with greater joy imbrace his ſafety.
Wee'll live together like two wanton Vines,
Circling our ſoules and loves in one another,
Wee'll ſpring together and weell beare one fruit,
One joy ſhall make us ſmile, and one griefe mourne,
One age goe with us, and one houre of death
Shall cloſe our eyes, and one grave make us happy.
Ang. And one hand ſeale the match, Ime yours for ever.
Lew. Nay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay. *Ang.* Nay certainely, tis done Sir.
Bri. There was a contract. *Ang.* Onely conditionall,
That if he had the land, he had my love too;
This Gentleman's the heire, and hee'll maintaine it.
Pray be not angry Sir, at what I ſay;
Or if you be, tis at your owne adventure.
You have the outſide of a pretty Gentleman,
But by my troth your inſide is but barren;
Tis not a face I onely am in love with,
Nor will I ſay your face is excellent,
A reaſonable hunting face to court the winde with;
Nor th' are not words unleſſe they be well plac'd too,
Nor your ſweet Dam-mees, nor your hired verſes.
Nor telling me of cloathes, nor Coach and horſes,
No nor your viſits each day in new ſuites,
Nor your blacke patches you weare variouſly,
Some cut like ſtarres, ſome in halfe Moones, ſome Lozenges,
(All which but ſhew you ſtill a younger brother)
Mir. Gramercy Wench, thou haſt a noble ſoule too,
Ang. Nor your long travailes, nor your little knowledge,
Can make me doate upon you. Faith goe ſtudy,
And gleane ſome goodneſſe, that you may ſhew manly,
Your brother at my ſuite Ime ſure will teach you,

Or onely ſtudy how to get a wife Sir,
Y' are caſt farre behind, tis good you ſhould be melancholy,
It ſhewes like a Gameſter that had loſt his money,
And tis the faſhion to weare your arme in a skarfe Sir,
For you have had a ſhrewd cut one your fingers.
Lew. But are y' in earneſt? *Ang.* Yes, beleeve me father,
You ſhall neere chooſe for me, y'are old and dim Sir,
And th'ſhadow of the earth eclips'd your judgement,
Y' have had your time without controwle deare father,
And you muſt give me leave to take mine now Sir.
Bri. This is the laſt time of asking, Will you ſee your hand too?
Cha. This is the laſt time of anſwering. I will never.
Bri. Out of my doores. *Char.* Moſt willingly. *Mir.* Hee ſhall Coxcombe.
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, foole.
Ang. Muſt I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will, what fortune he ſhall runne, father,
Bee't good or bad, I muſt partake it with him.

Enter EGREMONT.

When ſhall the Maſque beginne? *Euſt.* Tis done already,
All, all, is broken off, I am undone friends,
My brother's wiſe again, and has ſpoyl'd all,
Will not releaſe the land, pox on't has got the wench too.
Egre. Could he not ſtay till the Maſque was paſt? w'are ready.
What a skirvie trick's this? *Mir.* O you may vaniſh,
Performe it at ſome Hall, where the Citizens wives
May ſee't for ſixe pence a peece, and a cold ſupper.
Come let's goe *Charles*, And now my noble Daughter,
Ile ſell the tiles of my houſe ere thou ſhalt want Wench.
Rate up your dinner Sir, and ſell it cheape,
Some younger brother will tak't up in commodities.
Send you joy, Nephew *Euſtace*, if you ſtudy the Law,
Keepe your great pippin-pies, they'l goe farre with yee.
Cha. Ide have your bleſſing. *Bri.* No, no, meet me no more,
Farewell, thou wilt blaſt mine eyes elſe. *Cha.* I will not.
Lew. Nor ſend not you for Gownes. *Ang.* Ile weare courſe flannell firſt.
Bri. Come let's goe take ſome counſell. *Lew.* Tis too late.
Bri. Then ſtay and dine, it may be we ſhall vexe 'em.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus 4. *Scæna* 1.

Enter BRISAC, EVSTACE, EGREMONT COVVSY.

NEre talke to me, you are no men but Maſquers,
Shapes, ſhadowes, and the ſignes of men, Court bubbles,
That every breath or breakes or blowes away,
You have no ſoules, no metall in your bloods,
No heate to ſtirre ye when ye have occaſion,
Frozen dull things that muſt be turn'd with leavers.
Are you the Courtiers and the travail'd Gallants?
The ſpritely fellowes, that the people talke of?
Ye have no more ſpirit than three ſleepy ſots.
Euſt. What would ye have me doe, Sir? *Bri.* Follow your brother,
And get ye out of doores, and ſeeke your fortune,
Stand ſtill becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A haire-brain'd puppy, and a bookiſh boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meate in Characters
Croſſe my deſigne, and take thy owne Wench from thee,
In mine owne houſe too? Thou deſpis'd poore fellow!
Euſt. The reverence that I ever beare to you Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but faucineſſe
T'have been ſo rough—— *Egr.* And we not ſeeing him
Strive in his owne cauſe, that was principall,
And ſhould have led us on; thought it ill manners
To beginne a quarrell here. *Bri.* You dare doe nothing.
Doe you make your care the excuſe of your cowardlineſſe?
Three boyes on hobby-horſes with three penny halberts,
Would beate you all. *Cow.* You muſt not ſay ſo. *Bri.* Yes,
And ſing it too. *Cow.* You are a man of peace,
Therefore we muſt give way. *Bri.* Ile make my way
And therefore quickly leave me, or Ile force you;
And having firſt torne off your ſlaunting feathers,
Ile trample on'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my houſe, Ile kicke ye out of my gates;
You gaudy glow-wormes carrying ſeeming fire,

Yet

Yet have no heat within ye. *Cow.* O bleſt travaile!
How much we owe thee for our power to ſuffer?
Egre. Some ſpleenative youths now that had never ſeene
More than their Country ſmoake would grow in choler.
It would ſhew fine in us. *Euſt.* Yes marry would it,
That are prime Courtiers, and muſt know no angers,
But give thankes for our injuries, if we purpoſe
To hold our places. *Bri.* Will you finde the doore?
And finde it ſuddenly, you ſhall lead the way, Sir,
With your perfumd' retinew, and recover
The now loſt *Angellina*, or build on it,
I will adopt ſome beggers doubtfull iſſue,
Before thou ſhalt inherit. *Euſt.* Wee'll to councell,
And what may be done by mans wit or valour
Wee'll put in execution. *Bri.* Doe, or never
Hope I ſhal know thee. *Lew.* O Sir, have I found you { *Exeunt.* }
Bri. I never hid my ſelfe, whence flowes this fury { *Ent. Lewis* }
With which as it appeares, you come to fright me
Lew. I ſmell a plot, a meere conſpiracy
Among ye all to defeate me of my daughter,
And if ſhe be not ſuddenly delivered,
Uutainted in her reputation too,
The beſt of France ſhall know how I am juggled with,
She is my heire, and if ſhe may be raviſht
Thus from my care, farewell Nobility,
Honour and bloud are meere neglected nothings,
Bri. Nay then, my Lord, you goe too farre, and taxe him
Whoſe innocency underſtands not what feare is.
If your unconſtant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, muſt you thenceforth conclude,
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integrity and truth?
Nor can her lightneſſe, nor your ſuppoſition
Caſt an aſperſion on me *Lew.* I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it: doe not triffle,
But ſpeedily, once more I doe repeate it,
Reſtore my daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you ſhall heare from me in ſuch a kinde,
As you will bluſh to anſwer. *Bri.* All the world
I thinke conſpires to vexe me, yet I will not

Torment my ſelfe, ſome ſpritefull mirth muſt baniſh
The rage and melancholy which hath almoſt choak'd me.
T' a knowing man tis phyſicke, and tis thought on,
One merry houre Ile have in ſpight of fortune,
To cheare my heart, and this is that appointed,
This night Ile hugge my *Lilly* in mine armes,
Provocatives are ſent before to cheare me;
Wee old men need'em and though wee pay deare
For our ſtolne pleaſures, ſo it be done ſecurely:
The charge much like a ſharpe ſawce gives'em reliſh.
Well honeſt *Andrew*, I gave you a farme,
And it ſhall have a Beacon to give warning
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;
And preſently, you being beſtowed elſe where,
Ile graffe it with dexterity on your forehead;
Indeed I will *Lilly*, I come, poore *Andrew*.

Actus IV. *Scœna* II.

Enter MIRAMONT, ANDREVV.

Doe they chafe roundly? *And.* As they were rubb'd with ſoape, Sir,
And now they ſweare alowd, now calme again;
Like a ring of bells, whoſe ſound the winde ſtill alters,
And then they ſit in councell what to doe,
And then they jarre againe what ſhall be done;
They talke of Warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to the King, and forces from the Province,
They have a thouſand heads in a thouſand minutes,
Yet ne'r a one head worth a head of garlicke.
Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at'em,
A couple of pure puppies yoak'd together.
But what ſayes the young Courtier Maſter *Euſtace*,
And his two warlike friends? *And.* They ſay but little,
How much they think I know not, they looke rufully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting houſe,
And had beene quite ſhot through 'tweene winde and water
By a ſhe Dunkirke, and had ſprung a leake, Sir,
Certaine my Maſter was too blame *Mir.* Why *Andrew*?
And. To take away the Wench oth'ſudden from him,
And give him no lawfull warning, he is tender,

And of a young girles constitution, Sir,
Ready to get the greene sicknesse with conceit,
Had he but tane his leave in travelling language:
Or bought an Elegie of his condolement,
That th'World might have tane notice, he had been
An asse, 't had been some savour. *Mir.* Thou saist true,
Wise *Andrew* but those Scholars are such things
When they can prattle. *And.* Very parlous things Sir.
Mir. And when they gaine the liberty to distinguish
The difference twixt a father and a foole,
To looke below and spie a younger brother
Pruning and dressing up his expectations
In a rare glasse of beauty, too good for him:
Those dreaming Scholars then turne Tyrants, *Andrew*,
And shew no mercy. *And.* The more's the pity, Sir.
Mir. Thou told'st me of a tricke to catch my brother,
And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*,
It shall be onely anger I assure thee,
And a little shame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir;
Harke in your eare. *Mir.* Thy wife? *And.* So I assure ye:
This night at twelve a clocke. *Mir.* 'Tis neat and handsome;
There are twenty Crownes due to thy project *Andrew*.
I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture
He reades to his Mistris. That done He not faile
To be with you. *And.* Nor I to watch my Master——*Exeunt.*

Actus IV. *Scœna* III.

ANGELLINA, SYLVIA *with a Taper.*

I'me worse than ere I was, for now I feare,
That that I love, that that I onely dote on;
He followes me through every roome I passe,
And with a strange set eye he gazes on me,
As if his sparke of innocence were blowne
Into a flame of lust; Vertue defend me.
His Uncle too is absent, and 'tis night,
And what these opportunities may teach him——
What feare and endlesse care tis to be honest!
To be a maide, what misery, what mischiefe!
Would I were rid of it, so it were fairely.

Syl.

Syl. You need not feare that, will you be a childe ſtill?
He followes you, but ſtill to looke upon you,
Or if he did deſire to lye with ye
Tis but your owne deſire, you love for that end;
Ile lay my life, if he were now in bed w'ye
He is ſo modeſt, he would fall a ſleepe ſtraight.
Ang. Dare you venter that? *Syl.* Let him conſent, and have at ye,
I feare him not, he knowes not what a woman is,
Nor how to finde the myſterie men aime at.
Are you afraid of your owne ſhadow, Madam?
Ang He followes ſtill, yet with a ſober face:
Would I might know the worſt, and then I were ſatisfied
Syl. You may both, and let him but goe with ye.
Cha. Why doe you flie me? what have I ſo ill
About me or within me to deſerve it?
Ang. I am going to bed Sir. *Cha.* And I am come to light ye;
I am a maide, and 'tis a maidens office;
You may have me to bed without a ſcruple,
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two innocents ſhould not feare one another.
Syl. The Gentleman ſayes true. Plucke up your heart, Madam.
Cha. The glorious Sun both riſing and declining
We boldly looke upon, even then ſweet Lady,
When like a modeſt bride he drawes nights curtaines,
Even then he bluſhes too, men ſhould behold him.
Ang I feare he will perſwade me to miſtake him.
Syl. Tis eaſily done, if you will give your minde to't
Ang. Pray ye to your bed. *Cha.* Why not to yours, deare Miſtris?
One heart one bed. *Ang.* True Sir, when tis lawfull:
But yet you know——*Cha.* I Would not know, forget it;
Thoſe are but fickly loves that hang on Ceremony,
Nurſt up with doubts and feares, ours high and healthfull,
Full of beleefe and fit to teach the Prieſt;
Love ſhould ſeale firſt, then hand confirme the bargaine.
Ang I ſhall be an Heretique if this continue.
What would doe a bed? you make me bluſh, Sir.
Cha Ide ſee you ſleepe, for ſure your ſleepes are excellent:
You that are waking ſuch a noted wonder,
Muſt in your ſlumbers prove an admiration:
I would ſee your dreames too, if 'twere poſſible;

Thoſe were rich ſhowes. *Ang.* I am becomming Traitor.
Cha. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Iland,
Where all the perfumes and the pretious things
That waite upon great Nature are laid up,
Ide clip yee in mine armes, and chaſtly kiſſe ye,
Dwell in your boſome like your deareſt thoughts,
And ſigh & weep. *Ang.* I've too much woman in me.
Cha. And thoſe true teares falling on your pure Chriſtals
Should turne to armelets for great Queens to weare.
Ang. I muſt be gone. *Cha.* Doe not, I will not hurt ye;
This is to let you know, my worthieſt Lady,
Y' have clear'd my minde, & I can ſpeak of love too;
Feare not my manners, though I never knew
Before theſe few houres what a beauty was,
And ſuch a one that fires all hearts that feele it;
Yet I have read of vertuous temperance,
And ſtudied it among my other ſecrets,
And ſooner would I force a ſeparation
Betwixt this ſpirit, and the caſe of fleſh,
Than but conceive one rudeneſſe againſt chaſtity.
Ang. Then we may walk. *Cha.* And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your eares; and my language,
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civill;
Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
And not deſire, Twill prove a wiſe mans taſk,
Yet thoſe deſires I have ſo mingled, Miſtris,
And tempered with the quality of honour,
That if you ſhould conſent now, I ſhould hate you.
I am no Courtier of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beauteous ſparkle
That onely ſerves his will and wantonneſſe,
And lets the ſerious part of life run by
As thin neglected ſand. Whiteneſſe of name,
You muſt be mine; why ſhould I rob my ſelf
Of that which lawfully muſt make me happy?
Why ſhould I ſeek to cuckold my delights?
And widow all thoſe ſweets I aime at in you?
We'll looſe our ſelves in *Venus* groves of mirtle,
Where every little bird ſhall be a *Cupid*,
And ſing of love and youth, each winde that blowes

And curles the velvet leaves ſhall breed delights,
The wanton ſprings ſhall call us to their banks,
And on the perfum'd flowers woe us to tumble,
Yet wee'll walke by untainted of their pleaſures,
And as they were pure Temples wee'll talke in them.
Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a faire end
Of our faire loves; would I were worthy of you,
Or of ſuch parents that might give you thanks:
But I am poore in all but your affections:
Once more, good night. *Cha.* The deaw of ſleep fall on you,
And lock up thoſe faire lights in pleaſing ſlumbers;
No dreames but chaſte and clear attempt your fancy,
And break betimes ſweet morne, I've loſt my light elſe.
Ang. Let it be ever night when I loſe you.
Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-Schoole, hee's ſo ſimple.
Ser. Your brother with two Gallants is at door, Sir, { *Enter a*
And they're ſo violent, they'l not be kept out. { *Servant.*
Ang. This is no time of night. *Cha.* Let 'em in Miſtreſſe.
Ser. They ſtay no leave; Shall I raiſe the houſe on 'em?
Cha. Not a man, nor make no murmur of 't I charge ye.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

Th' are here, my Uncle abſent, ſtand cloſe to me.
How doe you brother with your curious ſtory?
Have you not read her ore ſufficiently?
Cha. No, brother, no, I ſtay yet in the Preface;
The ſtile's too hard for you. *Euſt.* I muſt entreate her,
She's parcell of my goods. *Cha.* She's all when you have her.
Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;
Nor I, nor what I have depend on you.
Cha. Do, let her alone, ſhe gives good counſell; doe not
Trouble your ſelfe with Ladies, they are too light;
Let out your land, and get a provident Steward.
Ang. I cannot love ye, let that ſatisfie you;
Such vanities as you are to be laught at.
Euſt. Nay, then you muſt goe, I muſt claime my owne.
Both. Away, away with her. *Cha.* Let her alone, { *She ſtrikes off*
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up: { *Euſtace's hat.*
Let me talke civilly a while with you brother,

It may be on ſome tearms I may part with her.
Euſt. O, is your heart come downe? what are your tearmes, Sir?
Put up, put up. *Cha.* This is the firſt and chiefeſt, { *Snatches*
Let's walke a turne, now ſtand off fooles, I adviſe ye, { *away his*
Stand as farre off as you would hope for mercy: { *Sword.*
This is the firſt Sword yet I ever handled,
And a ſword's a beauteous thing to look upon,
And if it hold, I ſhall ſo hunt your inſolence:
Tis ſharp I'me ſure, and if I put it home,
Tis ten to one I ſhall new pinke your Sattins:
I finde I have ſpirit enough to diſpoſe of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples:
Let me toſſe it round, I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him;
I feele the fire of ten ſtrong ſpirits in me.
Doe you watch me when my Uncle is abſent?
This is my griefe, I ſhall be deſhe on Cowards;
Teach me to fight, I willing am to learne.
Are ye all gilded Flies, nothing but ſhew in ye?
Why ſtand ye gaping? who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me?
But name her as his owne, who dares looke on her?
That ſhall be mortall too, to think is dangerous.
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And haſt no wit nor ſpirit to maintaine it?
Stand ſtil thou ſigne of man, and pray for thy friends,
Pray heartily, good prayers may reſtore ye.
Ang. But doe not kill 'em Sir. *Cha.* You ſpeak too late, Deare,
It is my firſt fight, and I muſt doe bravely,
I muſt not looke with partiall eies on any;
I cannot ſpare a button of theſe gentlemen;
Did life lye in their heele *Achilles* like,
Ide ſhoot my anger at thoſe parts, & kil 'em.
Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir. *Cha.* View all theſe, view 'em well,
Goe round about 'em and ſtill view their faces,
Round about yet, See how death waites upon 'em,
For thou ſhalt never view 'em more. *Euſt.* Pray hold, Sir.
Cha. I cannot hold, you ſtand ſo faire before me,
I muſt not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.
Goe to my Uncle, bid him poſt to the King,

And

And get my pardon inſtantly, I have need on't.
Euſt. Are you ſo unnaturall? *Cha.* You ſhall die laſt Sir,
Ile take thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come, will ye come? me thinkes I've fought whole battailes.
Cow. We have no quarrell to you, that we know on, Sir.
Egr. We'll quit the houſe and aske ye mercy too:
Good Lady, let no murther be done here;
VVe came but to parly. *Cha.* How my ſword
Thirſts after them? ſtand away Sweet. *Euſt.* Pray Sir,
Take my ſubmiſſion, and I diſclaime for ever.
Cha. Away ye poore ſlight deſpicable Creatures!
Doe you come poſt to fetch a Lady from me,
From a poore Schoole-boy that ye ſcorn'd of late?
And grow lame in your hearts when you ſhould execute?
Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her;
What did you bring to carry her? *Egr.* A Coach and four horſes.
Cha. But are they good? *Egr.* As good as *France* can ſhew Sir.
Cha. Are you willing to leave thoſe, and take your ſafeties?
Speake quickly. *Euſt.* Yes with all our hearts. *Cha.* Tis done then:
Many have got one horſe, I've got four by th' bargaine.

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mir. How now, who's here? *Ser.* Nay now, y'are gone without baile.
Mir. VVhat, drawne my friends? Fetch me my two-hand ſword;
I will not leave a head on your ſhoulders, wretches.
Euſt. In truth Sir, I came but to doe my duty.
Both. And we to renew our loves. *Mir.* Bring me a blanket.
VVhat came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;
But one who never fought yet has ſo frighted um
So baſtinado'd them with manly carriage,
They ſtand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to ſtone:
They watch'd your being abſent, and then thought
They might doe wonders here, and they have done ſo;
For by my troth, I wonder at their coldneſſe,
The nipping North or froſts never came neer them,
St. *George* upon a Signe would grow more ſenſible;
If the name of honour were for ever to be loſt,
Theſe were the moſt ſufficient men to doe it
In all the world, and yet they are but young,
VVhat will they riſe too? They are as full of fire

As

As a frozen Glo-wormes taile, and ſhine as goodly;
Nobility and patience are match'd rarely
In theſe three Gentlemen, they have right uſe on't;
They'll ſtand ſtill for an houre and be beaten.
Theſe are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.
Mir. They will infect my houſe with cowardize,
If they breathe longer in it; my roofe covers
No baſſl'd Monſieurs, walk and aire your ſelves;
As I live, they ſtay not here, white liver'd wretches!
VVithout one word to aske the reaſon why,
Vaniſh, 'tis the laſt warning, and with ſpeed;
For if I take ye in hand I ſhall diſſect you,
And reade upon your flegmatick dull carcaſſes.
My horſe againe there: I have other buſineſſe,
Which you ſhall heare hereafter and laugh at it.
Good night *Charles*, faire goodneſſe to you deare Lady.
Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray Sir be carefull of us.
Mir. It is enough, my beſt care ſhall attend ye. —— *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. *Scæna* IV.

Enter ANDREVV.

Are you come old Maſter? very good, your horſe
Is well ſet up, but ere ye part, Ile ride you,
And ſpur your reverend Juſticeſhip ſuch a queſtion,
As I ſhall make the ſides o'your reputation bleed,
Truly I will. Now muſt I play at Bo-peepe----
A banquet----well, Potatoes and Eringoes,
And as I take it, Cantharides,---Excellent,
A priapiſme follows, and ſhall tôo as Ile handle it,
It ſhall old lecherous Goate in authority.
Now they beginne to bill; How he ſlavers her.
Gramercy *Lilly*, ſhe ſpits his kiſſes out,
And now he offers to fumble ſhe falls off,
(That's a good wench) and cries faire play aboveboord.
VVho are they in the corner? As I live
A covy of Fidlers; I ſhall have ſome Muſick yet
At my making free oth' company of Horners;
There's the comfort, and a ſong too! He beckens for one——
Sure 'tis no Anthem nor no borrowed rhymes

Out

Out of the Schoole of vertue; I will liſten---A *Song*.
This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the note's too ſpritely.
So, ſo, the muſick's paid for, and now what follows?
O that Monſieur *Miramont* would but keep his word,
Here were a feaſt to make him fat with laughter,
At the moſt 'tis not ſix minutes riding from his houſe,
Nor will he break I hope——O are you come Sir?
The prey is in the net, and will break in
Upon occaſion. *Mir.* Thou ſhalt rule me *Andrew*.
O th'infinite fright that will aſſaile this Gentleman!
The quarterns, tertians, and quotidians
That will hang like Sergeants on his worſhips ſhoulders!
The humiliation of the fleſh of this man!
This grave auſtere man will be wondred at.
How will thoſe ſolemne lookes appear to me,
And that ſevere face, that ſpake chains and ſhackles?
Now I take him in the nick, ere I' done with him,
He had better have ſtood between two panes of wainſcot
And made his recantation in the market,
Than heare me conjure him. *And.* He muſt paſſe this way,
To th' onely bed I have, he comes, ſtand cloſe.
Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night cap. So,
Quick, quick, untruſſe me; I will truſſe and trouſſe thee;
Come wench a kiſſe between each point, kiſſe cloſe;
It is a ſweet Parentheſis. *Lil.* Y' are merry Sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou ſhalt feele it,
Thou ſhalt my *Lilly*. *Lil.* Shall I aire your bed, Sir?
Bri. No, no, Ile uſe no warming pan but thine, girle;
That's all; come kiſs me again. *Lil.* Ha' ye done yet?
Bri. No, but I will doe, and doe wonders, *Lilly*.
Shew me the way. *Lil.* You cannot miſſe it, Sir;
You ſhall have a cawdle in the morning, for
Your worſhips breakfaſt. *Bri.* How, ith' morning *Lilly*?
Th' art ſuch a witty thing to draw me on.
Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now,
And th'haſt another Kickſhaw, I muſt taſte it.
Lil. I will make you ſurfet, I am tender of you,
Y' have all y' are like to have. *And.* Can this be earneſt?
Mir. It ſeems ſo, and ſhe honeſt. *Bri.* Have I not
Thy promiſe *Lilly*? *Lil.* Yes, and I have performed

Enough to a man of your yeares, this is truth,
And you ſhall find Sir, you have kiſt and tows'd me,
Handled my leg and foot, what would you more, Sir?
As for the reſt, it requires youth and ſtrength,
And th'labour in an old man would breed Agues,
Sciaticaes, and Cramps; you ſhall not curſe me,
For taking from you what you cannot ſpare, Sir:
Be good unto your ſelfe, y'have tane already
All you can take with eaſe; you are paſt threſhing,
It is a work too boiſterous for you, leave
Such drudgery to *Andrew*. *Mir.* How ſhe jeeres him?
Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his own tillage,
Hee's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y'are a quean,
A ſcoffing jeering quean. *Lil.* It may be ſo, but
I'me ſure, Ile nere be yours. *Bri.* Doe not provoke me,
If thou do'ſt, Ile have my Farm again, and turn
Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the will,
And want of honeſty to deny your Deed, Sir,
Yet I hope *Andrew* has got ſo much learning
From my young Maſter, as to keep his own.
And. I warrant thee Wench.
Lil. At the worſt, Ile tell a ſhort tale to the Judges,
For what grave ends you ſign'd your Leaſe, and on
What termes you would revoke it. *Bri.* Whore thou dar'ſt not.
Yeeld or Ile have thee whipt; How my blood boiles,
As if 'twere ore a furnace! *Mir.* I ſhall coole it.
Bri. Yet gentle *Lilly*, pitie and forgive me,
Ile be a friend t'ye, ſuch a loving bountifull friend——
Lil. To avoid ſuits in Law, I would grant a little.
And. A Whore, a Whore.
Lil. But ſhould fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become
Of me? *Bri.* Nothing but well, Wench,
I will put ſuch a ſtrong bit in his mouth,
As thou ſhalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*.
Nay, he ſhall hold the doore, as I will work him,
And thank thee for the Office. *Mir.* Take heed *Andrew*,
Theſe are ſhrewd temptations. *And.* Pray you know
Your Cue, and ſecond me Sir; By your Worſhips favour.
Bri. Andrew! *And.* I come in time to take poſſeſſion
Of th'office you aſſigne me; hold the doore,
Alas 'tis nothing for a ſimple man

To

To ſtay without when a deep underſtanding
Holds conference with his wife within.
A trifle Sir, I know I hold my Farm
In Cuckolds Tenure; you are Lord o'the ſoyle Sir,
Lilly is a Weft, a Stray, ſhee's yours, to uſe Sir,
I claim no intereſt in her. *Bri.* Art thou ſerious?
Speak honeſt *Andrew* ſince thou haſt ore-heard us,
And wink at ſmall faults, man; I'me but a pidler
A little will ſerve my turn, thou'lt finde enough
When I've my belly full; wilt thou be private
And ſilent? *And.* By all meanes, Ile onely have
A Ballad made of't, ſung to ſome lewd tune,
And the name of it ſhall be *Juſtice Trap*,
It will ſell rarely with your Worſhips name,
And *Lillies* on the top. *Bri.* Seek not the ruine
O'my reputation, *Andrew*. *And.* Tis for your credit,
Monſieur *Briſac* printed in capitall letters,
Then paſted upon all the poſts in *Paris*.
Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*? *And.* O it will proclaim you
From th'Citie to the Court, and prove ſport royall.
Bri. Thou ſhalt keep thy Farm. *Mir.* He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocriſie pull'd off
To the Judge criminall. *Bri.* O, I am undone,
And. Hee's put out of Commiſſion with diſgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this Ile put in practice. *Bri.* Doe but heare me.
And. To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book,
It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Doe not play the Tyrant;
Accept of compoſition. *Lil.* Heare him *Andrew*.
And. What compoſition? *Bri.* Ile confirm thy Farm,
And adde unto't an hundred acres more
Adjoyning to it. *And.* Umb, This mollifies,
But y'are ſo fickle, and will again deny this,
There being no witneſſe by. *Bri.* Call any witneſſe,
Ile preſently aſſure it. *And.* Say you ſo,
Troth there's a friend of mine Sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's paſt,
His teſtimony will be authenticall.
Bri. Will he be ſecret? *And.* You may tie his tongue up,

As you would doe your purſe-ſtrings. *Bri. Miramont. Mir.* Ha, ha, ha.

And. This is my witneſſe. Lord how you are troubled?
Sure, y' have an ague, you ſhake ſo with choler;
He's your loving brother Sir, and will tell no body
But all he meets, that you have eate a ſnake,
And are growne young, gameſome, and rampant. *Bri.* Caught thus?

And. If he were one that would make Jeſts of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious gravity
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had
Some cauſe to be perplexed. *Bri.* I ſhall become
Diſcourſe for Clowns and Tapſters. *And.* Quicke, *Lilly*, quick.
Hee's now paſt kiſſing, between point and point.
He ſwounds, fetch him ſome Cordiall——Now put in Sir.
Mir. Who may this be? ſure this is ſome miſtake:
Let me ſee his face, weares he not a falſe beard?
It cannot be *Briſac* that worthy Gentleman,
The pillar and the patron of his country;
He is too prudent and too cautelous,
Experience hath taught him t' avoid theſe fooleries,
He is the puniſher and not the doer,
Beſides he's old and cold, unfit for women;
This is ſome counterfeit, he ſhall be whipt for't,
Some baſe abuſer of my worthy brother.
Bri. Open the doores, will y' impriſon me? are you my Judges?
Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious *Briſac*:
Yet now I thinke on't, a' has a kinde of dog look
Like my brother, a guilty hanging face.
Bri. Ile ſuffer bravely, doe your worſt, doe, doe.
Mir. Why, it's manly in you. *Bri.* Nor will I raile nor curſe,
You ſlave, you whore, I will not meddle with you,
But all the torments that ere fell on men,
That fed on miſchiefe, fall heavily on you all. *Exit.*
Lil. You have given him a heate, Sir. *Mir.* He will ride you
The better *Lilly*. *And.* Wee'll teach him to meddle with us Scholars.
Mir. He ſhall make good his promiſe t' encreaſe thy Farm, *Andrew*,
Or Ile jeere him to death, feare nothing *Lilly*,
I am thy Champion. This jeſt goes to *Charles*,

And

And then Ile hunt him out, and Monſieur *Euſtace*
The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily
To ſee 'em mourne together. *And.* Twill be rare, Sir. E *xeunt.*

Actus 5. *Scœna* 1.

EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

TUrn'd out of doores and baffled! *Egr.* We ſhare with you
In the affront. *Cow.* Yet beare it not like you
With ſuch dejection. *Euſt.* My Coach and horſes made
The ranſome of our cowardize. *Cow.* Piſh, that's nothing,
Tis *Damnum reparabile*, and ſoon recover'd.
Egr. It is but feeding a ſuitor with falſe hopes,
And after ſqueeze him with a dozen of oathes.
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.
Euſt. And does the Court that ſhould be the example.
And Oracle of the Kingdome, reade to us
No other doctrine. *Egr.* None that thrives ſo well
As that, within my knowledg. *Cow.* Flatt'ry rubs out,
But ſince great men learne to admire themſelves,
Tis ſomething creſt-faln. *Egr.* To be of no Religion,
Argues a ſubtle morall underſtanding,
And it is often cheriſht. *Euſt.* Piety then,
And valour, nor to do nor ſuffer wrong,
Are there no vertues. *Egr.* Rather vices, *Euſtace*;
Fighting! What's fighting? It may be in faſhion,
Among Provant ſwords, and buffe-jerkin men:
But w'us that ſwim in choiſe of ſilkes and Tiſſues;
Though in defence of that word reputation,
Which is indeed a kinde of glorious nothing,
To loſe a dram of blood muſt needs appear
As coarſe as to be honeſt. *Euſt.* And all this
You ſeriouſly beleeve. *Cow.* It is a faith,
That we will die in, ſince from the black guard
To the grim Sir in office, there are few
Hold other tenets. *Euſt.* Now my eyes are open,

And I behold a ſtrong neceſſity
That keeps me knave and coward. *Cow.* Y'are the wiſer.
Euſt. Nor can I change my Copy, if I purpoſe
To be of your ſociety. *Egre.* By no meanes.
Euſt. Honour is nothing with you? *Cow.* A meere bubble,
For what's grown common is no more regarded.
Euſt. My ſword forc'd from me too, and ſtill detein'd,
You think's no blemiſh. *Egre.* Get me a battoon,
Tis twenty times more Courtlike, and leſſe trouble.
Euſt. And yet you weare a Sword. *Cow.* Yes, and a good one,
A Millan hilt, and a Damaſco blade,
For ornament, not uſe the Court allowes it.
Euſt. Wil't not fight of it ſelf? *Cow.* I nere try'd this,
Yet I have worn as faire as any man,
I'me ſure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid
For ſeverall weapons, Turkiſh and Toledo's,
Two thouſand Crownes, and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one. *Euſt.* Ile borrow this,
I like it well. *Cow.* Tis at your ſervice, Sir,
A lath in a velvet ſcabbard, will ſerve my turn.
Euſt. And now I have it, leave me, y'are infectious,
The plague and leproſie of your baſeneſs ſpreading
On all that doe come neere you, ſuch as you
Render the throne of Majeſty, the Court
Suſpected and contemptible, you are Scarabee's
That batten in her dung, and have no pallats
To taſte her curious viands, and like Owles
Can onely ſee her night deformities,
But with the glorious ſplendor of her beauties
You are ſtruck blinde as Moles, that undermine
The ſumptuous building that allowd you ſhelter,
You ſtick like running ulcers on her face,
And taint the pureneſſe of her native candor.
And being bad ſervants, cauſe your Maſters goodnes
To be diſputed of; make you the Court,
That is the abſtract of all Academies,
To teach and practice noble undertakings.
(Where Courage ſits triumphant crown'd with Lawrell,
And Wiſdome loaded with the weight of honour)
A Schoole of vices. *Egre.* What ſudden rapture's this?

Euſt.

Euſt. A heavenly one, that raiſing me from ſloth and ignorance,
(In which your converſation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the aire of action,
And knowledge of my ſelfe; even now I feele
But pleading onely in the Courts defence,
(Though farre ſhort of her merits and bright luſtre)
A happy alteration, and full ſtrength
To ſtand her Champion againſt all the world,
That throw aſperſions on her. *Cow.* Sure hee'l beat us,
I ſee it in his eyes. *Egre.* A ſecond *Charles*;
Pray look not Sir ſo furiouſly. *Euſt.* Recant
What you have ſaid, ye Mungrils, and lick up
The vomit you have caſt upon the Court,
Where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding,
And ſweare that you like Spiders, have made poyſon
Of that which was a ſaving Antidote.
Egre. We will ſweare any thing. *Cow.* We honour the Court
As a moſt ſacred place. *Egre.* And will make oath,
If you enjoyn us to't, nor knave, nor foole,
Nor Coward living in it. *Euſt.* Except you two,
You Raſcals! *Cow.* Yes, we are all theſe, and more,
If you will have it ſo. *Euſt.* And that untill
You are again reform'd and grown new men,
You nere preſume to name the Court, or preſſe
Into the Porters Lodge, but for a penance,
To be diſciplin'd for your roguery, and this done
With true contrition. *Both.* Yes Sir. *Euſt.* You againe,
May eat ſcraps, and be thankfull. *Cow.* Heres a cold breakfaſt
After a ſharp nights walking. *Euſt.* Keep your oathes,
And without grumbling vaniſh. *Both.* We are gone, Sir. *Exeunt.*
Euſt. May all the poorneſſe of my ſpirit goe with you,
The fetters of my thraldome are fil'd off:
And I at liberty to right my ſelfe,
And though my hope in *Angellina's* little.
My honour (unto which compar'd ſhee's nothing)
Shall like the Sunne diſperſe thoſe lowring Clouds,
That yet obſcure and dimme it; not the name
Of brother ſhall divert me, but from him,
That in the worlds opinion ruin'd me,
I will ſeek reparation, and call him

Unto a ſtrict accompt. Ha! 'tis neere day,
And if the Muſes friend roſe-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this ſolitary grove,
As I much hope ſhe will, he ſeldome miſſing
To pay his vowes here to her, I ſhall hazzard
To hinder his devotions---The doore opens----*Enter Charles*
Tis he moſt certaine, and by's ſide my ſword,
Bleſt oportunity. *Cha.* I have ore ſlept my ſelfe,
And loſt part of the morne, but Ile recover it:
Before I went to bed, I wrote ſome notes
Within my Table-book, which I will now conſider.
Ha! What means this? What doe I with a ſword?
Learn'd *Mercury* needs not the aide of *Mars*, and innocence
Is to it ſelfe a guard, yet ſince armes ever
Protect arts, I may juſtly weare and uſe it,
For ſince 'twas made my prize, I know not how
I'me grown in love with't, & cannot eat nor ſtudy,
And much leſſe walke without it: but I trifle,
Matters of more weight ask my judgement. *Euſt.* None Sir,
Treate of no other Theme, Ile keep you to it,
And ſee y' expound it well. *Cha. Euſtace!* *Euſt.* The ſame Sir,
Your younger brother, who as duty bindes him,
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doores) attended,
To bid good morrow t'ye. *Cha.* This not in ſcorne,
Commands me to return it, Would you ought elſe?
Euſt. O much, Sir, here I end not, but beginne;
I muſt ſpeake to you in another ſtrain,
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the language
Appeare in the delivery rough and harſh,
You (being my Tutor) muſt condemne your ſelfe,
From whom I learn'd it. *Cha.* When I underſtand
(Bee't in what ſtile you pleaſe) what's your demand,
I ſhall endeavour in the ſelfe ſame phraſe
To make an anſwer to the point. *Euſt.* I come not
To lay claime to your birthright,— 'tis your own,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it, nor aske I from you
Your learning and deep knowledge; (though I am not
A Scholar as you are) I know them Diamonds
By your ſole induſtry, patience and labour
Forc'd from ſteep rocks, and with much toyle attended,

And

And but to few, that prize their value granted,
And therefore without rivall freely weare them.
Cha. Theſe not repin'd at (as you ſeem t'enform me)
The motion muſt be of a ſtrange condition,
If I refuſe to yeeld to't, therefore *Euſtace*,
Without this tempeſt in your looks propound it,
And feare not a deniall. *Euſt.* I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man, the honour,
Not by a faire war wonne when I was waking,
But in my ſleep of folly raviſh'd from me,
With theſe, the reſtitution of my ſword,
With large acknowledgement of ſatisfaction,
My Coach, my Horſes, I will part with life,
Ere loſe one haire of them, and what concludes all,
My Miſtreſſe *Angellina*, as ſhe was
Before the muſicall Magick of thy tongue
Inchanted and ſeduc'd her. Theſe perform'd,
And with ſubmiſſion, and done publiquely
At my Fathers and my Uncles interceſſion,
(That I put in too) I perhaps may liſten
To tearms of reconcilement; but if theſe
In every circumſtance are not ſubſcrib'd to,
To th' laſt gaſp I defie thee *Cha.* Theſe are ſtrict
Conditions to a brother. *Euſt.* My reſt is up,
Nor will I give leſſe. *Cha.* I'me no Gameſter, *Euſtace*,
Yet I can gueſſe your reſolution ſtands
To win or loſe all; I rejoice to finde ye
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You underſtand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by your ſelf, and made
Almoſt incurable, in your own hopes
The dead fleſh of pale cowardiſe growing over
Your feſtred reputation, which no balme
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,
And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon,
That did apply thoſe burning corrolives
That render you already ſenſible
O th' danger you were plung'd in, teaching you,
And by a faire gradation, how farre

And with what curious reſpect and care
The peace and credit of a man within,
(Which you were thought till now) ſhould be prefer'd
Before a gawdy out-ſide, pray you fix here,
For ſo farre I goe with you. *Euſt.* This diſcourſe
Is from the ſubject. *Cha.* Ile come to it brother,
But if you think to build upon my ruines,
You'll finde a falſe foundation, your high offers
Taught by the Maſters of dependancies,
That by compounding differences 'tween others,
Supply their own neceſſities, with me
Will never carry't; As you are my brother,
I would diſpence a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor muſt I
Deſtroy that in my ſelfe I love in you,
And therefore let not hopes nor threats perſwade you,
I will deſcend to any compoſition,
For which I may be cenſur'd. *Euſt.* You ſhal fight then,
Cha. With much unwillingneſſe with you, but if
There's no evaſion——*Euſt.* None. *Cha.* Heare yet a word,
As for the ſword, and other fripperies,
In a faire way ſend for them, you ſhall have 'em,
But rather than ſurrender *Angellina*,
Or heare it again mention'd, I oppoſe
My breaſt unto lowd thunder, caſt behinde me
All ties of Nature. *Euſt.* She detein'd, I'me deafe
To all perſwaſion. *Cha.* Guard thy ſelfe then *Euſtace*,
I uſe no other Rhetorick. *Mir.* Claſhing of ſwords } *Enter*
So neere my houſe? brother oppoſ'd to brother! } *Miram.*
Here is no fencing at half-ſword, hold, hold,
Charles, *Euſtace*. *Euſt.* Second him, or call in more help,
Come not between us, Ile not know nor ſpare you;
D'ye fight by th'book? *Cha.* Tis you that wrong me, off Sir,
And ſuddenly Ile conjure down the ſpirit
That I have raiſed in him. *Euſt.* Never *Charles*,
Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'me out of breath, yet truſt not too much to't boyes.
For if you pauſe not ſuddenly, and heare reaſon.
Doe, kill your Uncle, doe, but that I'me patient,
And not a cholerick old teaſty foole,

Like

Like your father, I'de dance a matachin with you,
Should make you ſweat your beſt blood for't, I would,
And it may be I wil. *Charles* I command thee,
And *Euſtace* I intreat thee, th'art a brave Spark,
A true tough metal'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
Ile cheriſh him for example; in our age,
Th'are not born every day. *Cha.* You of late Sir,
In me lov'd learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*,
Twas when young *Euſtace* wore his heart in's breeches,
And fought his battails in Complements and Cringes,
When's underſtanding wav'd in a flaunting Feather,
And his beſt contemplation look'd no further
Than a new faſhion'd doublet, I confeſſe then
The lofty noyſe your Greek made onely pleas'd me,
But now hee's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
Nay, the whole dozen of Peeres are bound up in him;
Let me remember, when I was of his yeares,
I did look very like him, and did you ſee
My picture as I was then, you would ſweare
That gallant *Euſtace*, (I mean, now he dares fight)
Was the true ſubſtance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger, you ſhall have enough *Charles*.
Cha. Sure Sir, I ſhall not need addition from him.
Euſt. Nor I from any, this ſhall decide my intereſt,
Though I am loſt to all deſerving men,
To all that men call good, for ſuffering tamely
Inſufferable wrongs, and juſtly ſlighted,
By yeelding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a ſtranger
Unto my Fathers houſe and favour, orewhelm'd
With all diſgraces, yet I will mount upward,
And force my ſelfe a Fortune, though my birth
And breeding doe deny it. *Cha.* Seek not *Euſtace*,
By violence what will be offered to you,
On eaſier compoſition; though I was not
Allied unto your weakneſſe, you ſhall finde me
A brother to your bravery of ſpirit,
And one that not compell'd to't by your ſword,
(which I muſt never feare) will ſhare with you,

In all but *Angellina*. *Mir.* Nobly ſaid *Charles*,
And learne from my experience, you may heare reaſon
And never maime your fighting; for your credit
Which you think you have loſt, ſpare *Charles* and ſwinge me,
Aud ſoundly; three or four walking velvet cloakes
That weare no ſwords to guard 'em, yet deſerve it,
Thou art made up again. *Euſt.* All this is lip-ſalve.
Mir. It ſhall be Hearts-eaſe, *Euſtace*, ere I've done;
As for thy fathers anger, now thou dar'ſt fight,
Nere fear't, for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Faſt in a ſtring, and will ſo pinch and wring him,
That ſpight of his authority, thou ſhalt make
Thine own conditions with him. *Euſt.* Ile take leave
A little to conſider. *Cha.* Here comes *Andrew*.
Mir. But without his Comicall and learned face,
What ſad diſaſter, *Andrew*? *And.* You may reade Sir,
A Tragedy in my face. *Mir.* Art thou in earneſt?
And. Yes, by my life Sir, and if now you help not,
And ſpeedily by force or by perſwaſion,
My good old Maſter (for now I pity him) is
Ruin'd for ever. *Cha.* Ha, my father! *And.* He Sir.
Mir. By what meanes? ſpeake. *And.* At the ſuite of Monſieur *Lewis*?
His houſe is ſeiz'd upon, and he in perſon
Is under guard, (I ſaw it with theſe eyes Sir)
To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there ſentenc'd.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jeſting. *Cha.* Do I live,
And know my father injur'd? *And.* And what 's worſe Sir,
My Lady *Angellina*——— *Euſt.* What of her?
And. She's carried away too. *Mir.* How? *And.* While you were abſent.
A crew of Monſieur *Lewis* friends and kinſmen
By force brake in at th' back part of the houſe
And tooke her away by violence, faithfull *Andrew*,
(As this can witneſſe for him) did his beſt,
In her defence, but 'twould not do. *Mir.* Away,
And ſee our horſes ſadled, 'tis no time
To talke, but doe: *Euſtace*, you now are offer'd
A ſpatious field, and in a pious warre
To exerciſe your valour, here's a cauſe,

An

And ſuch a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a fathers name
Commanding it; but theſe unnaturall jarres
Ariſing between brothers (ſhould you proſper)
Would ſhame your victory. *Euſt.* I would doe much Sir,
But ſtill my reputation! *Mir. Charles* ſhall give you
All decent ſatisfaction; nay, joine hands,
And heartily; why this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cauſe that concernes
The honour of our family, Monſieur *Lewis*
(If reaſon cannot work) ſhall finde and feele
There's hot blood in this arme, Ile lead you bravely.
Euſt. And if I follow not, a Cowards name
Be branded on my forehead. *Cha.* This ſpirit makes you
A ſharer in my fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,
Of which (*Briſac* once freed, and *Angellina*
Againe in our poſſeſſion) you ſhall know
My heart ſpeakes in my tongue, *Euſt.* I dare not doubt it, Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus V. *Scæna* II.

Enter LEWIS, BRISAC, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, *Officers.*

Lew. I'me deafe to all perſwaſion. *Bri.* I uſe none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence ſuffers,
But when the King ſhall underſtand how falſly
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in juſtice
Muſt ſet me right again. *Ang.* Sir, let not paſſion
So far tranſport you as to think in reaſon,
This violent courſe repaires, but rather ruines
That honour you would build up: you deſtroy
What you would ſeem to nouriſh, if reſpect
Of my preferment or my reputation
May challenge your paternall love and care,
Why doe you now fortune has provided
A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, ſtrive to rob me of him?
In what is my Love *Charles* defective, Sir?
Unleſſe deep learning be a blemiſh in him,
Or well proportion'd limbs held mulcts in Nature,

Or what you onely aim'd at large revenewes,
Are on the sudden grown distastfull to you?
Of what can you accuse him? *Lew.* Of a rape
Done to thy honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made thee consent to. *Syl.* Her lust! you are her father.
Lew. And thou her Bawd. *Syl.* Were you ten Lords, 'tis false,
The purenesse of her chaste thoughts entertain not
Such spotted instruments. *Ang.* As I have a soule Sir.
Lew. I am not to be alter'd, to sit down
With this disgrace would argue me a Peasant,
And not born noble: all rigour that the Law
And that encrease of power by favour yeelds,
Shall be with all severity inflicted;
You have the Kings hand for't; no Baile will serve,
And therefore at your perils, Officers away with'em.
Bri. This is madnesse. *Lew.* Tell me so in open Court,
And there Ile answer you. *Mir.* Well overtaken. { *Ente r Mir*
Cha. Kill if they dare resist. *Eust.* He that advances { *Char. Eust*
But one step forward dies. *Lew.* Shew the Kings writ { *Andrew*
Mir. Shew your discretion, 'twill become you better.
Cha. Y'are once more in my power, and if again
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.
Eust. Force will not do't, nor threats, accept this service
From your despair'd of *Eustace*. *And.* And beware
Your reverend Worship never more attempt
To search my *Lilly-pot*, you see what followes.
Lew. Is the Kings power contemn'd? *Mir.* No, but the torrent
O your wilfull folly stopt. And for you good, Sir,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish
But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,
That is not indear'd to you? rather than
Be crost in what you purpos'd, you'll undoe
Your daughters fame, the credit of your judgement,
And your old foolish neighbour; make your states,
In a suit not worth a Cardecue,
A prey to Advocates, and their Buckram Scribes,
And after they have plum'd ye, return home
Like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.
Cha. This is a most strong truth Sir. *Mir.* No, no, Monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge,

But

But when our follies are repeld by reaſon,
Tis fit that we retreat, and nere come on more:
Obſerve my learned *Charles*, he'l get thee a nephew
On *Angellina* ſhall diſpute in her belly,
And ſuck the nurſe by Logick: and heres *Euſtace*,
He was an Aſſe, but now is grown an *Amadis*;
Nor ſhall he want a wife, if all my land
For a joynture can effect it: Y'are a good Lord,
And of a gentle nature, in your lookes
I ſee a kinde conſent, and it ſhewes lovely;
And do you hear old fool?
Bri. Your brother Sir. *Mir.* but Ile not chide,
Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,
The meere beliefe is excellent, 'twill ſave you;
And next love valour though you dare not fight
Your ſelf, or fright a fooliſh Officer, young *Euſtace*
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,
Let *Andrews* Farm b'encreas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what, and ſee you rut no more:
You underſtand me, ſo embrace on all ſides.
Ile pay thoſe Billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we continue ſtill good friends. ——— *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Epilogue.

'Tis not the hands, or ſmiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-lik'd Play,
We onely hope; But that you freely would
To th' Author's memory ſo far unfold,
And ſhew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praiſe, but often ſeeing it;
That being the grand aſſurance that can give
The Poet and the Player means to live.

FINIS.